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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

Articles by the Editor

IN THIS NUMBER

King Henry VIII., His Wives and His Children. Also Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens and Popes

Another Appeal to Fair Minds
Being a Reply to a Jesuit

Editorial Notes and Clippings

Book Reviews

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Mr. Watson bought out his publishers, the MacMillans, and he now owns plates, copyright and all.

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WILLIAM TYNDALE, CATHOLIC, MURDERED BY HIS CHURCH, BECAUSE HE TRANSLATED THE NEW TESTAMENT INTO ENGLISH

His Last Words Were

" LORD, OPEN THE KING OF ENGLAND'S EYES !"

(1536)

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Vol. XXIII AUGUST, 1916 No. 4

King Henry VIII., His Wives, and His Children.

Also Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens, and Popes.

BY his marriage, Henry Tudor blended the White Rose with the Red, for his wife, Elizabeth of York, was the nearest of blood of the rival House. Her rightful claim to the royal inheritance was good; that of her spouse, more than dubious; hence, his jealous exclusion of the Queen from any share in his designs or power.

It is related of him, that he caused three mastiffs to be put to death, because they had killed a lion in his menagerie; and a hawk's neck to be wrung, because it had presumed to fight his eagle. The monarch's notions of *treason* seem fantastic to moderns; but we must remember the inkeeper whose place bore the name of "The Crown," and who, on the birth of a son, said jokingly, "An heir to the Crown was born last night." The sorry jest cost him his life, for the King (Edward IV.) held it be "constructive treason."

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had, as we have already seen, protected Wycliffe, saving his life from the fury of the London prelates. We have seen how his son and grandson (Henry IV. and Henry V.) climbed upon a throne which wasn't theirs, by pledging themselves to persecute Wycliffe's followers.

When the Red Rose of York again had flowered triumphantly, under Edward IV. and Richard III., the Romish clergy, as already related, conspired with the fugitive Tudor, promising him their support, in return for his pledge to root heresy out of the realm.

As premature age crept upon Henry VII., he craftily planned a secure succession for his son, Arthur, a boy not robust, and not yet sixteen years old. To the King, an alliance with Spain appeared to be the most advantageous that was offered.

Accordingly, a match was arranged between Arthur, and Catherine, the 16-year-old daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. It seems to have escaped the attention of the general historians, that this boy and girl were cousins. They were several degrees removed, but cousins, nevertheless, for both were lineal descendants of the Lancastrian duke, John of Gaunt. The daughters of the Duke had been married to the

kings of Castile, and Aragon; and Catherine's mother, Isabella of Castile, was the granddaughter of "time honored Lancaster."

Therefore, when Arthur of England wedded Catherine of Spain, it was a commingling of Plantagenets, for the blood of Edward III. coursed in the veins of both. At Bosworth Field, cousin fought cousin; after the victor died, cousin married cousin.

The Pope at this time was the diabolical Borgia, (Alexander VI.) and if he knew of any canonical impediment to the nuptials, he said nothing. Surrounded by his bastards in the Vatican, and wallowing in the sensualities of his harem, he was not prone to find fault with kings about private matters.

On account of Prince Arthur's tender years, his father at first prevented the boy from living with his passionate Spanish bride. But her relentless parents wanted a real marriage, to cement the alliance; and they urgently insisted that the young people be put together, *to live as man and wife.*

The English king reluctantly

HENRY VII, KING OF ENGLAND

yielded, writing to the parents of the girl that he had complied with their demands "even to the danger of our own son."

(This letter is dated February 20, 1501. The original is in the Imperial Archives, Paris. Historical Section. Certified copy in Duke of Manchester's "Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne," Vol. 1, p. 60.)

It was at Christmas, 1500-1 that Henry had sent the young couple to Ludlow Castle, in Wales, *to consummate the marriage;* and they continued to live together, until the King's fears were realized, in the death of his son, on April 2nd, following. The full-blown Spanish bride, the product of a tropical climate, had consumed the vitality of the frail, immature English groom.

Thirty years later, Queen Catherine offered in evidence the statements of two old ladies to prove that she had never been more than a nominal wife; and it is said that *she wore her hair hanging down*, at her marriage with her deceased husband's brother—that being the custom when the bride was a maid. But not only does there exist the original letter of Henry VII., testifying that she had become his son's real wife, and that they were living together for the very purpose of consummating the marriage, but there exists, also, *the written testimony of Catherine's father and mother.*

Among the royal archives at Simancas, in Spain, is a paper signed by Ferdinand and Isabella, in which they promise to secure a dispensation from the Pope, in order that their daughter may wed the second son of Henry VII., the said dispensation being necessary, "*because* her marriage with Prince Arthur had been solemnized according to the rites of the Catholic Church, *and afterwards consummated.*"

This document is dated June 23, 1503, before Catherine went to her second husband with her hair down!

Henry must have been greatly infatuated. His father had forbidden him the hot Spanish widow, and this prohibition was precisely the thing to warm his desire for the fruit. No sooner was Henry VII. ceremoniously laid away, at Westminister Abbey, than Henry VIII. burst the barriers of restraint, and married the lady who had roomed with his brother for three months, but who demurely came into Chapel with her luxuriant tresses hanging virginally down. Henry VIII. was only 18 years old: the widow, 25: that's the time of life a lusty boy is apt to marry the mature actress, or blithely elope with his youthful and buxom step-mother.

In the obscure, humble chapel of the Franciscans, Henry and Catherine were married, secretly, on June 11, 1509.

On the 1st of January following, the Queen gave birth to a boy, which died in eight weeks. The six month's child, and the clandestine marriage give rise to suspicions as to the intimacy which already existed between the ardent young widow and the full-blooded boy.

The first wife of Henry VIII. became a historic figure, around whom raged controversy, of pen and sword: swirls of intrigue flung her fortunes hither and thither; animal lusts, dynastic ambitions, clerical policies played with her, as with a pawn on the chess-board. It is hardly too much to say, that, over her body, *Modernism fiercely assailed Medievalism.* In a sense, she was a turning point, in history, and as Henry VIII. turned his back upon all she represented, his face was set toward the dawn of Civil and Religious freedom. That he himself was not aware of it, does not matter in the least.

Catherine was transformed by the convulsion in which she floated: and, from a commonplace Queen, became a Person of the Drama; and her reputation enjoys the vast advantage given to it by the genius of Shakespeare.

I am writing history, not romance, and must bow to the despotism of facts. There is no hint that Catherine was unchaste before her first marriage, nor had she been given the opportunity and temptation to reveal her true

character. It was after her boy husband died, that she entered upon her own course, and gave evidence of her individuality.

To Henry VII. and to her father,

QUEEN KATHERINE, OF ENGLAND

it was a matter of the highest importance to learn whether she was likely to have a child by Prince Arthur. If she were not, her father could save the balance due on her dowry: if she *were*, both kings would be content to wait, letting all further plans remain in abeyance.

The young widow announced that she was not with child, the exact date of her declaration not being known.

Then a revolting thing happened. Her consumptive old father-in-law proposed to her parents, that *he* would marry her! It is not fair to even intimate that Catherine would have consented to this incestuous union, for there is no evidence that the loathsome offer was brought to her knowledge.

It is not very probable that King Ferdinand, her father, would have ob-

jected, he being one of the most utterly abominable monsters that ever lived; but her mother—be it said to her credit—was shocked and disgusted by the proposal.

But the death of Duke Phillip the Handsome of Austria, left their Spanish majesties with another widowed daughter on their hands, and the adjustable Tudor, Henry VII., eagerly offered to marry *her*, pretending that she had won his heart during an enforced stay of hers in England, while Henry's beautiful Queen was still living!

By marrying *this* widow, Henry would become King of Castile.

Duke Phillip is believed to have been poisoned by his amiable father-in-law, Ferdinand; and his sudden death drove his widow insane. She refused to allow the corpse to be buried, and most grewsomely kept it by her, year after year, in the delusion that life would come back to it in ten years.

"Crazy Jane," she was called; crazed in much the same way that the Empress Carlotta of Mexico was in our own times. Jane's father had murdered her husband! No wonder she was seized and held by a morbid melancholy.

Such were the circumstances under which a dying King offered his hand and heart to an insane queen. Knowing all the facts, Catherine urged her father to let her sister, marry her father-in-law! She wrote to her demented sister, also, to the same purport. It would be incredible, if the letters of Catherine were not in existence and had not been published by authority of the Spanish government.

Another ugly fact has came to light since the royal archives at Simancas were thrown open to the world:

Catherine's widowhood was sullied by her intimacy with her young Spanish Confessor, Diego. Her own father was confidentially informed of this by his ambassador, Fuensalida, who wrote:

"His (Diego's) constant presence with the princess (Catherine) and amongst her women is shocking the King of England and his court, *dreadfully*."

In another letter the ambassador tells Catherine's father:

"The devil take me if I can see anything in this friar (Diego) for her to be so fond of him; for he has neither learning, nor breeding, etc."

(The ambassador's letters were not exposed until comparatively recent years. They are to be found in the Supplement to volumes 2 and 3 of the *Spanish Calendar*.)

Diego was subsequently convicted of fornication, with a woman not named in the books, and was dismissed from Catherine's service, *after* she had married Henry.

(See p. 66 Martin Hume's The Wives of Henry VIII.)

Other letters in the Spanish archives written by Catherine to her father, show that she was a very human young woman, with plenty of temper; fussy about her income and her household; quick to exaggerate her need of ready cash by saying she had nothing to eat or wear. Left in a doubtful position by her first husband's death, and by her own scandalous carryings on with the monk (young Diego) she was eager to push forward the proposed union of Henry VII. with her crazy sister; and, this coming to nought, she boldly set her cap at the King's big boy, Henry, alluring him with the coquetry so natural to an experienced woman who had lived with a mate, and flattering to the robust youngster, whose vanity was already excessive.

What was Henry VIII., in his youth, in his love-making, in his early years of power?

All the chronicles agree that he was physically a fine specimen of the genus John Bull. He was tall, large-limbed, florid, choleric, and impatient of contradition. In manly exercises, he excelled. Nobody shot better with the English longbow; nobody came near him in the tourney lists, save Charles

Brandon, who secretly loved Mary Tudor, the King's beautiful sister.

In mental gifts and accomplishments, Henry VIII. was far and away beyond the average, even among the cultured of his time. He spoke and wrote several languages: had a talent to keep and maintain the rights and liberties of the Church. Henry added the words "*not prejudicial to the King's jurisdiction and dignity royal.*" (Knight's History England. Chap. 47.)

The young King, then, was physically a trained and expert athlete, matchless in strength and skill, a picture of ruddy health and vigor, unstained by gross appetites, and innocent of vices. He jousted with the nobles, danced with the high-born ladies, composed music for the church-choir, and led in the singing. On the other hand he mingled with the com-

KING HENRY VIII. OF ENGLAND

for music; was well versed in literature, understanding thoroughly the jurisprudence and theology of his realm and his church.

It is most extraordinary that the general historians should have failed to notice the change made by Henry in the Coronation oath, *before he took it.* In the clause which bound the King

moners, joined in the May-day ceremonies, played at single-stick with stout yeomen, and went through the morrice-dance on the green.

Popular? He was immensely so.

In contrast with the voluptuous Edward IV., the reserved and sanguinary Richard III., and the avaricious, unsociable, crime-stained, heretic-burner, Henry VII., this magnificently handsome young monarch could not fail to become a popular idol, in those days when the *adoration* of Popes and Kings knew but one alternative, that of cowering, helpless *fear*.

Morally and mentally, Henry VIII., was, at first, without a serious blemish. There is not even a charge of lasciviousness against him, antedating his marriage. He did not eat and drink for three men, as his great rival, Charles V. is known to have done—from youth to his dying day. He was not a satyr in the early continuous pursuit of women, as his other rival, Francis I., openly and boastingly professed himself to be. Don John of Austria, the victor of the decisive Sea-battle of Lepanto, was the acknowledged bastard of Charles V., and Charles' character was so low that Don John's mother was said to have been one of his aunts. As to Francis I., it is a historic fact that his amorous dalliance with his sister Marguerite, caused her to flee the court.

(She was the author of *The Heptameron*, written in imitation of Boccacio's *Decameron*.)

No such scandals were even breathed against Henry VIII.

(See Manchester's "Court and Society, from Elizabeth to Anne," Vol. 1, p. 102 and following. The pen portrait of the young King is wonderfully attractive.)

A scholar of varied learning, a creditable amatuer in science and art; an enemy to idleness, gaming, drinking, or any form of dissipation, the English monarch was so devout that he wrote hymns and sacred music; listened credulously to Papal persuasions, placed his treasury and his army at the disposal of the Pope, made costly war upon France, because the Pope wished it, and so won the golden rose.

(Hume's "Wives of Henry VIII." page 80.)

Henry's fine qualities were marred by defects which grew with age and increase of power. His vanity was so great, that he could easily be led by sycophants. His temper was so high, that he could brook no resistance. His selfishness was so extreme, that he refused to surrender to his sister, the Queen of Scotland, a bequest of jewels that their father had willed her.

(This squabble was the source of the brief war between the two Kingdoms that led to the Battle of Flodden, and the death of James IV., King of Scotland.)

Marriage opened to Henry a new field; and however chaste he may have been at the time, he soon afterwards gave loose rein to his sensuality. One of the married sisters of the Duke of Buckingham appears to have been his first mistress. (Hume: p. 78.)

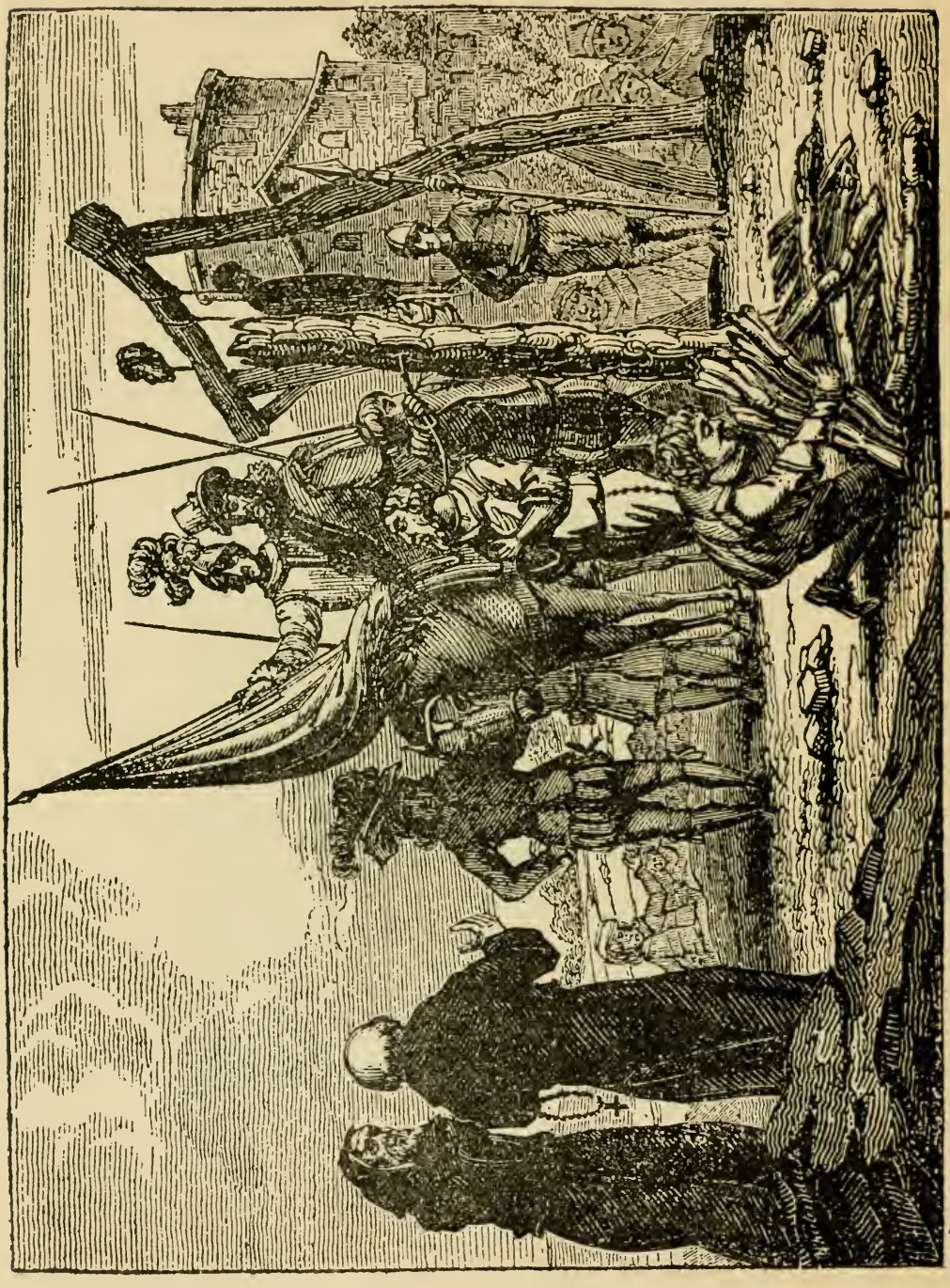
Catherine at the age of 35, found herself becoming an old woman, in declining health. She had had miscarriages and births; but her only living child was the rickety, anemic, dropsical girl, afterwards placed in history's Black Book, under the name of "Bloody Queen Mary."

During the intervening years, Henry had been intimate with at least one more high-born trull, the Lady Elizabeth Talbot, who bore him a son, a tall, stalwart, handsome lad. His fond father raised him to the Dukedom of Richmond and Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland.

The Duke of Manchester soberly says of this Talbot "affair:"

"In the great indictment which history presents against Henry VIII., it is right to remember that this lapse from personal virtue, so easy and so common in kings, was his first and last."

We have already seen that it was *not* his first: how can we know that it was his last? A habit like that, "so easy and so common in Kings," is apt to grow, especially in a case where our



WILLIAM TYNDALE ON THE GALLOWS. PRIESTS ORDERING HIS BODY BURNED, BECAUSE HE HAD TRANSLATED THE NEW TESTAMENT INTO ENGLISH (1536)

King keeps on putting away old wives, to experiment with new ones, as Henry did. In fact, the historian, Martin Hume, names "various mistresses," and, among them, Lady Tailebois and Mary Boleyn.

At the age of 41, Catherine had become stout, had lost her good looks, and was in poor health. For two years, she and Henry had not cohabited. Her hopes of male issue had long since gone. The knowledge that Henry was passionately eager for a son, weighed her down. We can deeply sympathize with the worn-out and abandoned Queen, around whom the word "divorce" began to be whispered.

In that superstitious age, there was a belief that her sorrowful lot, as the almost motherless bearer of many children, was a "judgment" sent upon her, for the sin of having married incestuously. Of course, it was well known, in the court circles at least, that Pope Julius II. had granted a dispensation for the union; but, as the Papal document itself stated that Catherine's marriage with Prince Arthhr had been "consummated," the most learned and orthodox among the Papal theologians were divided in opinion, as to whether even the Pope could grant a valid dispensation in such a case. Some roundly declared that he could not, although the Borgia Pope had done the same thing for Louis XII. of France.

(The first wife of Louis was Jeanne, the daughter of Louis XI. His second, was Anne of Brittany. His third, was Henry's young sister, Mary Tudor. The old King managed to live three months afterwards, and then left her free to wed Charles Brandon.)

Much as we sympathize with the unhappy Queen Catherine, we must deal fairly with Henry. Not until hope was gone, did he cease to be a husband to his wife, anxious for a son, and ready to go on to the end with her, if she could only gratify that burning desire of his heart and soul. Indeed, his situation was not much different from that of Louis XII., and of Napoleon Bonaparte. It was natural for the King to think of his dynasty, and it was his duty to think of the future interests of his realm. In doing so, there was but one course he could pursue, and that led to Divorce.

Where Josephine yielded consent, Catherine refused it.

Where Jeanne of Valois meekly submitted, Catherine defied and fought —clamoring to the Pope and to her imperial nephew, Charles V.

Pope Alexander divorced Louis XII. who wished to marry the heiress of Brittany; and Pope Paul IV. divorced the Earl of Bothwell, later, in order that he might wed Mary, Queen of Scots; but, sandwiched between these two Papal divorces, came the prolonged hitches in the case of Henry VIII. What was it that obstructed the British king? The divorce which preceded his application, and the one which followed, prove that the obstacles in his way were not moral or canonical: we look elsewhere, and find them to have been *political*.

Another Appeal to Fair Minds

Being a Reply to a Jesuit

IN dealing with any Romanist, in oral debate or written controversy, it is most important to remember that the orthodox teaching of his church *encourages lying*, when the falsehood is beneficial to the church.

This poisonous doctrine was never publicly exposed until the French Catholic, Blaise Paschal, exposed it in his famous "Letters."

(See Paschal's works Vol. II., quoting Jesuit teachings from Jesuit Books.)

This being true, it is not surprising to come upon impudent falsehoods in the pamphlet recently issued by Joseph B. Frankhauser, Jesuit, (Macon, Georgia) who calls his Jesuitical production "An Appeal to Fair Minds."

This Macon priest quotes from Proverbs, 6-19:

"A deceitful witness that uttereth lies, the Lord detesteth."

Thank you, Joseph: that's a good text: now let's locate the "deceitful witness that uttereth lies."

In his "Forword"—meaning Foreword, I suppose—the unctious Jesuit describes the idyllic relations existing in Macon, between Romanists and Protestants, previous to the coming of the lecturer, Jordan.

Joseph Jesuit says—"We were very happy in the sweet peace of concord and good will."

We *were*, were we?

Was it because "we were very happy in the sweet peace of concord and good will," that we threatened to boycott the Hotel Dempsey, if it did not immediately discharge the Manager, Reed, who had declined to grant to the Romanists the free use of the ball room, explaining that he must first consult the owners?

Was it from pure Christian altruism that we sent letters forward to Atlanta, in the noble effort to prevent that Manager from getting another position?

Joseph Jesuit says—"The harmony of our city was a thing we were proud of."

We *were*, were we?

Then it was our pride in this harmony that caused us to break up the homes of Bernard Brown and Frank Boifeuillet—*both legally married* to Protestant wives under the laws of Georgia—by telling them that the State had no power over the marriages of her Romanist citizens.

It was our ravenous fondness for "sweet peace and concord" that caused us to publish an insolent card in the *Telegraph*, saying, in effect, that Catholic citizens of Georgia owed no obedience to the State's marriage laws, but must obey those made by a foreign church, in a foreign country.

That insolent card was followed by an equally arrogant sermon-preached in a Macon church and published in a Macon paper—defiantly proclaiming the treasonous doctrine that *one class of our citizens are forbidden to obey our laws—FORBIDDEN BY A FOREIGN POTENTATE!*

Break the hearts of Protestant wives! Desolate their homes! Treat them scornfully, as concubines, and *compel them to admit it*, by accepting remarriage at the hands of a priest.

If these lawfully wedded Protestants refuse to knuckle and crouch and kiss the Pope's foot, blast their lives by

forcing their legal husbands to desert them!

That's what these Roman priests did in Macon, in the cause of "the sweet peace of concord and good will."

Did this Frankhauser person have a hand in that annulment of the laws of Georgia, in that wrecking of happy homes?

He must be peculiarly dense if he thinks that such crimes against the law, and against Protestant women conduce to "harmony" and "sweet peace."

What harm did Jordan's lectures do to any Romanist?

He did not set up a private divorce-court, and separate married people by virtue of a foreign law.

He did not issue orders to the Hotel Dempsey, as to whom it should employ.

He did not publish insolent cards and preach insolent sermons, glorifying the supremacy of a foreign law.

Nor did *he* incite a mob to kidnap one of the priests and beat him to insensibility.

It was the local priests who raised the local storm, just as they raised it when they rioted in the effort to lynch the Protestant lecturer Leyden, at Haverhill; when they caused the atrocious murder of William Black; when they mobbed the Rev. Dr. Barnett; when they sacked the Baptist Church at Carbondale; when they burnt the tent of Rev. William Boles, when they raised a tumult to prevent Protestant lecturers from being heard in New Jersey; and when they openly, persistently defy State laws in St. Augustine and Savannah.

No Republic can prosper and avoid civil war, when a foreign church arrogates to itself the power to enforce *here*, upon any class or sect, *a foreign law, antagonistic to ours.*

As General Grant wrote, during his last days, such a claim "must be resisted and suppressed, at whatever cost."

Woe unto these Jesuits and these proud Roman prelates, if they continue to propagate treason and sedition.

We mean to resist it, and suppress it, at whatever cost.

(See Personal Memoirs U. S. Grant, Vol. I., where he alludes to his joining the "Know Nothings.")

Joseph Jesuit Frankhauser quotes George Washington's letter of reply to the Virginia Baptists (1789) who had written to him their congratulations upon his election to the Presidency.

Washington said to these Baptists—"I beg you will be persuaded, that no one *would be* more zealous than myself *to establish effectual barriers* against *the horrors of spiritual tyranny*, and every species of religious *persecution.*"

Joseph Jesuit was singularly blind, when he quoted that passage.

Why did he not pause, and ask himself what Washington meant by religious persecution and "*the horrors of spiritual tyranny?*"

Joseph Jesuit should have given more thought to words "establish *barriers.*"

The *Baptists* had never persecuted anybody. On the contrary, they had often been subjected to religious persecution, imprisoned in England, banished from Massachusetts, and jailed in Virginia.

The Methodists had never persecuted. On the contrary, they had persecution to endure.

The Episcopalians, it is true, could not wholly liberate themselves quickly from Roman Catholic education and practices, and the early Church of England had shown an intolerant spirit.

But Washington was an Episcopalian himself, in form at least; and he certainly had never known any "horrors of spiritual tyranny" among the Episcopalians.

What, then, was he driving at, when declaring himself so earnestly for the establishment of *barriers* against the *horrors* of spiritual *tyranny?*

Horrors was a strong word, unusually so, for the sedate and self-restrained Washington.

HE MEANT THE PAPAL SYSTEM.

He meant the Roman tyranny, oppressive to mankind, and ambitious to rule the world.

He meant the horrors of that system which tortured, starved and burnt human beings, because of a difference of religious opinion.

He meant the horrors which Romanism had inflicted upon Europe, in scores of merciless massacres; and in religious wars that soaked Spain, Italy, Germany, France, Ireland, and England with Christian blood.

Fresh in Washington's memory, must have been the coming of the Huguenots, to escape the horrors of spiritual tyranny in France.

Fresh in his memory, was the *flight for life* of the Salzburgers, from Romanist Austria to the Colony planted by Oglethorpe—a colony which had such a vivid recollection of papal horrors that it forbade Catholics to settle in it.

Fresh in Washington's mind, was the torture and murder of the young Frenchman, De-La-Barra, whose crime consisted in not having knelt, as Rome's brazen impostors were carrying their baker's-bread god through the streets.

Fresh, also, in Washington's mind were the burnt offerings which Bloody Queen Mary offered up to *her* God, the Pope—burnt offerings of human flesh, roasted with cold ferocity in the fires of Smithfield, amid the sardonic and satanic rejoicings of Roman Catholic priests and mobs.

Fresh, likewise, in the mind of George Washington was Rome's carefully prepared plan to exterminate, in one day, every Protestant in Ireland—a plot which cost thousands of lives, and which came near to awful successs.

Verily, this Macon Jesuit could not have done an unluckier thing than to quote Washington's profoundly felt detestation of the horrors of Roman Catholic tyranny and persecution.

No other church in Europe had ever organized and ruthlessly enforced a spiritual tyranny; and it was not against any other church, than that of the Pope, that there ever had been the strong need of erecting *barriers*.

Calvinism made for democracy, in spite of the one great crime of its founder; Presbyterianism made a free, progressive Scotland; Puritanism made for popular education and strict discipline; Lutheranism rapidly outgrew the Romanism which Luther, the ex-monk, could not entirely shed; and the Baptists sought the wilderness of Rhode Island, *to fly the first American flag of religious liberty*.

It was Romanism whose organization, whose canon law, whose principle of blind obedience, and whose system of education make for the horrors of spiritual tyranny, and for bloody persecution, wherever the Italian Pope feels strong enough to remove the mask.

The Pope's *law* and the papal *organization* constitute a complete ecclesiastical despotism; and the Pope's system of education seduces the minds of children into *submission to the priest*, whom, they are taught, to regard as the spokesman of God.

Joseph Frankhauser, Jesuit, says that the Roman priests are the representatives of Christ, just as our consuls and ambassadors represent the President.

In the first place, consuls and ambassadors do not represent the President; they represent the Government, a distinction which knocks in vain for entrance, at the door of Romanist prelatical mind.

To make the comparison fit, the priests would have to represent the Celestial system, generally.

In the second place, how are we ordinary mortals to learn which are the genuine ambassadors and consuls?

The Syriac churches are centuries older than Romanism; and the African churches are in the same rank of seniority, as contrasted with the modern, man-made system of popery; how are we to know that the priests of the Syrians, the Nestorians, the Armenians, the Copts, and the Abyssinians

are not the genuine consuls and ambassadors of Christ?

They claim to be, and their title-deeds were hoary with age, *when the Emperor Phocas allowed Bishop Boniface to assume the title of Universal Bishop.* (In the 6th century.)

Gregory the Great had vehemently declared *against* that title, denying that any Bishop could ever rightfully wear it; but his successor thought differently, and became the first Pope, *by imperial appointment.*

WHAT IS THE OFFICE AND NATURE OF A ROMAN PRIEST?

The Macon Jesuit eats very humble pie, indeed, and says:

"Hence the priest is not Christ, nor does he pretend to be. He is not divine; he is really human."

Is he, really? If the young and full-fed priest is really human, he must endure agonies while putting prurient questions to a young widow, or a buxom maid, in the confessional—to say nothing of the torments he suffers while carrying the key which admits him to the private room of the pretty nun.

But who is it that can speak with authority, on the office and character of a priest?

Joe Jesuit says he's just human. But Cardinal Gibbons, who is also a Jesuit, expressed quite a different opinion. In the 29th chapter of his book, J. Card. Gibbons says:

"To the carnal eye, priests look like other men, but to the eye of faith *he is exalted above the angels*, because he exercises powers not given even to angels."

J. Card. further says that this more-than-angelic authority of the priest extends over the whole earth!

Whom shall we believe, the Macon Jesuit, or his Baltimore colleague?

It is a notorious fact, that Romanist theology seeks to clothe the priests with supernatural power. The language in which this is done, blasphemes God.

Time and again it has been publicly preached in Northern and Western cities, that a priest is equal in divine power to Christ; and the late D. S. Phelan also a Jesuit, declared that the priests ordered God to come down to the altar, a command which "He must obey."

Phelan's position was that of orthodox Roman Catholicism.

WORSHIPPING A JEWESS.

Joseph Frankhauser asserts that Romanists do not worship Mary, the mother of the human Jesus.

Why, then, are there far more churches dedicated to her in Rome, than to Christ?

Why are there so many forms of prayer published for the devotional use of those who pray to her?

One of those ritual prayers begins with ecstatic invocations to the Immaculate Virgin, Bride of the Holy Ghost, Queen of Heaven, Refuge of Sinners, and uses the words, "at your feet we miserable sinners humbly prostrate ourselves.

"*Deliver us from sin* and preserve us from every evil."

If *praying to divinity* is not worship, what is it?

In the 166 beads of the rosary, there is *one* for the Creed, 15 for *God*, and 150 for *Mary!*

I could cite a dozen forms of prayer, and other devotional exercises, which *prove* by Romanist evidence that the priests *do* inculcate the worship of Mary.

In fact, that is the true reason why they made a dogma of her supernatural conception, in 1864.

CHRIST AND CELIBACY.

Joseph Frankhauser speaks of "Christ's exalted teaching of the nobleness of celibacy."

Christ did not teach anything of the kind.

On the contrary, he selected married men for his Disciples, and he spoke without praise of those self-mutilated *eunuchs* who had devoted themselves to religion, "for the kingdom of heaven's sake."

We are not told who were these men that had de-sexualized themselves; and it is very certain that neither Christ nor any of the Apostles ever uttered a word in favor of celibacy.

On the contrary, the priest is admonished to take but one wife, to rear his children, well in hand.

The Greek Catholics obey this wise command, and their priests are *compelled* to marry; therefore, the Greek church is free from convent putridities, confessional scandals, rapes in the church, indictments for sodomy, etc.

Rev. Joe Frankhauser says that the bachelor priest has a "heart undivided in its consecration to God's service."

Truly? That's fine, if a fact. Were the Pope and the Vatican plotters and the German Jesuits consecrating themselves to God, when they intrigued to bring about the present European war?

Were Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishops Blenk and Mora consecrating themselves to God, when they met at New Orleans, and secretly conspired against the peace and welfare of the Mexican people, who had been ground down by four hundred years of cruel tyranny, by Spanish land-kings and Spanish high priests?

Are bachelor priests consecrating themselves to God, when they openly dwell in the same house with young, buxom and comely "housekeepers."

Isn't it better to love a pure, sweet, devoted wife, than to "keep" a casual housekeeper?

Was any man ever less of a true man and a true Christian, when a wife's fond arms were around his neck, and a child's loving kiss upon his lips?

Rev. Joe Jesuit alleges that the unmarried state of the lusty young priest develops "force of character."

Does it? Where has it ever done so? Cite the historical evidence!

The most forceful Popes have been those who notoriously kept concubines, and acknowledged their bastard children.

Roderigo Borgia, bearing the papal title of Alexander VI., was the suppressor of Savonarola, the powerful ally of kings, and the feared master of the Roman Catholic world; yet his mistress lived with him in the Vatican, and his son, Cæsar Borgia, and his daughter Lucretia, were his recognized children.

Cardinal Antonelli, who ruled Pope Pius IX., was the most forceful character of modern popery; and Antonelli was consecrating himself to God so vigorously that he amassed a fortune of five million dollars, which, after his death, was fought over by his bastard children.

Would Rev. Joe Jesuit venture to vouch for the morals of Cardinal Bill O'Connell?

And what does he think was the reason Bishop Keiley's mansion, in Savannah, became so nearly the scene of a murder, when Jerry Walsh used a club on the head of "Father" Schadewell?

Schadewell, like Archbishop Blenk's man Scotti, had evidently been indulging in too much "consecration" to carnalities; and just as Blenk quietly eased Scotti out of his scrape, Keiley eased Schadewell out.

Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin, De-Retz, DuBois, and Wolseley had great force of character, and also a fine taste for feminine charms.

Mazarin was supposed to be married to the mother of Louis XIV., and he lived with her on such terms, as to make it a charity to believe they were husband and wife.

Bishop Talleyrand also had force of character, and was the lover of many women, including Madame de Stael.

Napoleon forced the ex-bishop to marry the woman he was living with at the time, and she was such a stupid thing that the compulsory marriage may have caused the intense hatred which Talleyrand bore against his imperial master.

All the great things in this world have been done by men who were either married, or who lived in sexual relations with women.

Cyrus, Alexander the Great, Cæsar, David, Solomon, Abraham, Moses,

Peter the Great, Tamerlane, Charlemagne, William the Silent, William of Orange, Louis the Great, Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, William Wallace, Robert Bruce, Richard the Lionhearted, William the Conqueror, Alfred the Great, Canute the Great, Wellington, Napoleon, Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Grant, Sheridan, Lee, Metternich, Chatham, Fox, Romilly, Daniel Webster, John Marshall, Mirabeau, Danton—all were married men.

It is the peculiarity of the Roman celibates, that they reproach their alleged "Rock", Simon Peter, for having taken a wife; and the Father of Ecclesiastical History (Eusebius) tells us that several of Christ's Twelve Disciples were married men.

The Apostle Paul himself said that he had as much right as the others, to take a wife with him on his journeys.

Buddha's religion embraces a greater number of the human race than Christianity does, and Buddah (or Gautama, his "incarnation") was a married man.

Confucius established a system of morals, against which Christianity has spent hundreds of millions of dollars and centuries of endeavor, without having broken the outer crust of it—and Confucius was a married man.

Brigham Young was a man of enormous force of character, and it was he who really created the wonderful Mormon organization which is one of the supreme triumphs of human genius—and Brigham Young was another Solomon, in his relations with women.

Mahomet's system of religion has no priestly hierarchy, but it outnumbers European Romanism, and resists, alike, the assaults of both Romanists, Greeks, and Protestants—and Mahomet was constantly adding to his bric-a-brac collection of wives.

Rev. Jos. Frankhauser will not deny that Henry VIII. possessed dynamic force of character, for Henry did what the German emperors, and the English kings had vainly tried to do: he smote Pope Clement VII. so powerful a blow that the papacy never recovered from it, *and never will.*

It is fairly well understood that Henry VIII. was a married man.

King Philip the Fair, did in France what Henry did in England, and he smashed Pope Boniface so completely that the old reprobate died in a transport of impotent rage.

Philip was a marrid man, and so was Louis XIV. who not only routed the Pope in a memorable conflict, but compelled the Papa to erect, *in Rome*, a monument to his defeat.

With the fewest possible exceptions eunuchs have never accomplished anything.

Being neither male nor female, they are ineffectual unfortunates, at best: and the weakest President that ever occupied the White House was James Buchanan, who never had any sexual relations with women.

No eunuch, and no real celibate ever made a great discovery, ever composed a great book, ever originated a great invention, ever reformed a bad system of laws, ever improved social, economic, and political conditions.

The Papal empire, itself, was the work of priests who were *men* to *women;* and the Vatican, and all the marvellous cathedrals which have done so much to lure people into Romanism, were the achievements of married men.

The very frescoes, and paintings, and statuary of the Pope's palace, were the handiwork of *lovers of women*, just as the church of St. Peter was.

The only inventions made by the Roman celibates were those devilish instruments of torture, which inflicted upon heretics, Moors, and Jews the very acme of horrible pain.

Sweep away the literature which we owe to married men, and we would have little left, save the idiotic drool of the monks who wrote about saints, miracles, appearances of the Virgin, and similar gibberish!

Dante and Milton, Petrarch and Chaucer, Boccaccio and Spenser, Machiavelli and Bacon, Goethe and Shakespeare, Alfieri and Byron,

Schiller and Scott, Balzac and Dickens, Hugo and Shelley, Maupassant and Poe and Browning and Tennyson—*they loved women.*

All the great musical composers, all the great tragedians, all the great *prima donnas*, all the great comedians, all the great artists of every kind, *loved the other sex.*

All the illustrous leaders of men, who have given their lives to the on-and-upward movement of the human race, have been married men, without one solitary exception.

It was a bachelor, William Pitt, who weilded the whole strength of the British empire, in his prolonged effort to stop the progress of democratic principles; and it was a band of celibates who plunged Germany into the Thirty Years' War, the longest, bloodiest, fiercest struggle that ever decimated mankind.

Finally, there isn't a single reason that the priests can put forward in favor of their pretense to chastity, that does not reflect upon Protestant clergymen, Greek Catholic priests, *and upon the fathers and mothers of these Roman priests.*

Any Christian who so lives as to merit Heaven, necessarily influences other people to move righteously and heavenward: therefore, the priests fall into a contradiction when they assert that their own parents did not live as Christianly as themselves.

Away with the cant, that the Catholic fathers and mothers are less pure than the sons who became priests, and the daughters who become nuns.

Upon the venerated graves of *their* fathers and mothers our Protestant clergymen cast no such desecrating reproach.

Rev. Joseph Frankhauser combats the objections to celibacy, by saying that Christ's *example* supports it, that *nature* does not forbid it, and that the priests have proved their ability to live in unconquerable chastity.

(1) The reference to Christ's *example*, is puerile.

Regarded as a human being, Jesus ate, drank, slept, and wore clothing; but he is supposed to have always had in mind his mission, *as a member of the Trinity*—and we cannot conceive of God taking a wife.

Therefore, the example of Christ is as little in point as the example of Jehovah.

(2) If celibacy were not unnatural, it would have entered the social and religious systems of the world, *at the very beginning*: it would not have waited thousands of years.

The animal kingdom is all governed by the same law of procreation.

Mate, increase, multiply! So says Nature, and the parental passion pervades the universe, the air, the earth, the sea.

Wherever there is a celibate, a surgical operation has been performed.

The ox, the barrow, the capon, the well-behaved goat, and the virtuous cat, are not the products of Nature; these celibates are man-made.

The man who can look at the typical priest, and believe him a virgin, is not even worth the attention of the fool-killer.

(3) Rev. Frankhauser states that the ability of the Roman priests to live virginally, without the aid of a surgeon, has been *proven.*

Ah, indeed! But *where? When?* that's the very proposition under discussion; and if it can be disposed of by the unsupported word of an interested party, then there's no more to be said.

Why did St. Paul denounce celibacy? (See 1 Tim. 4,3.)

Why does the New Testament urge priests to marry?

Why did the Roman church, its Popes and its Bishops, practice marriage for a thousand years after Christ?

How came it that St. Patrick was the son of a married priest?

Why does the Greek Catholic Pope (Patriarch) compel *his* priests to take wives?

Why did Pope Pius IX, in 1864, formally license approved priests and nuns to cohabit, as man and wife?

Why the multitude of scandals about priests and women, *at this time;* and why is Rome exerting all her powers to keep the facts hidden?

Why is it that such fierce prosecutions and virulent abuse follow the Protestants who publish those shameful questions of the confessor—questions which inevitably arouse the animal passions of the priest, and the prurient curiosity of his female "penitent?"

If those questions are lewd, lascivious injury to *public* morals, what is the logical effect upon the priest who asks them, and the woman who answers?

If their mere publication is a felonious injury to *public* morals, what does the private use of them do for *private* morals?

Of course, the Rev. Frankhauser likens the priest to the doctor.

The doctor must put delicate questions to a female patient, and the priest is similarly situated.

Is he? Does *he* wait until he is sent for, as the physician does?

Or, is the Catholic woman compelled to come to *him?*

Does the doctor ever ask delicate questions, when nobody else is present?

Did any doctor's brain ever conjure up the hideously defiling questions that were spawned by "Saint Liguori," and Doctor Peter Dens?

There isn't a decent physician on earth who would put those unspeakably loathsome questions to a man, much less to a woman.

Neither to medicine, nor to religion, are those hell-hatched questions necessary.

They are the vile brood, born of abnormal, inverted sexuality; and their real purpose is to give the amorous priest the open-sesame to the amorous "penitent."

The man never lived who could defend those questions on the grounds of mental, moral, religious health.

If this artful liar, Frankhauser, thinks otherwise, why doesn't he give his readers some inkling as to the wording of those degrading, polluting questions?

Is he afraid?

If so, what's he afraid of?

Is it the law he fears? If so, the law ought to make it a felony to talk that way to a woman.

Is it public scorn and indignation that he fears?

If so, the intelligent portion of the public should detest *a practice which Rome strives so desperately to keep from being known.*

The Rev. Joe Frankhauser quotes "a pointed question" asked by one Doran, whom he described as a "Protestant."

Doran is not only a Romanist, but is a most virulent and mendacious type of papist.

Doran's question is:

"Suppose, for instance, some Catholic priest were to come into your own little community and use the same identical charges against you, your wife, your mother, your sister, your religious belief. What would happen? He wouldn't live long enough to get out of town. And still you demand for your utterances, respect and sincerity. You clamor for free speech, and yet at the same time, if some Catholic were to come to your town and hold up the many crimes committed by Protestant ministers as an example of what constitutes the whole belief, you would be the first to use 'mob' law as a penalty for such mouthings."

Every Catholic priest is supposed to entertain and express the same dogmatic opinions as those officially proclaimed by papal councils, by the canon laws, and by the Popes.

Ever since the Council of Trent (1569) it has been the dogmatic creed of the Papacy that all Christians, not married by Roman priests, cannot be considered married at all.

The law of Rome declares Protestant marriage to be *concubinage.*

Pope Pius IX., in 1872 and 3, coarsely and publicly stigmatized such marriages as "filthy concubinage."

Every priest is ready to marry a Catholic to a divorced person—*why?*

Because, in the eye of the priest, the former marriage was none at all. Will Joseph Frankhauser dare to deny it?

Every priest, therefore, stands as a

permanent insult to every Protestant, *because the priest believes* that your Protestant mother was a concubine, your father a filthy fornicator, and yourself a bastard.

Talk about a priest coming into "your own little community" and using foul language against "*you*, your wife, your mother, your sister, your religious belief!"

Why, *he does it!*

His church teaches it, his Pope proclaims it, his newspapers publish it.

How many days has it been since Pope Benny the XV. denounced Protestants and their churches as robbers, spreaders of pestilence, emissaries of the Devil?

How long has it been since the official O. K. of Rome was given to books on Theology that encourage the murder of Protestants?

What greater affront can be flung into your face, than the Roman doctrine that you and your sister and your wife were the bastard offspring of filthy concubinage?

CRIMES OF PROTESTANT MINISTERS.

As to Catholic exposure of "the many crimes committed by Protestant ministers," the answer is easy.

Let the Catholic lecturer come to our town, and speak of a Protestant minister who has committed crime, *and we will show him that every such minister has been driven from the church.*

Besides, in most cases, the guilty minister pays the penalty of the law.

But what about the Catholic priest who commits crime?

Did Cardinal O'Connell punish his priest, Petrarchi, when Petrarchi raped a Catholic girl, inside a Catholic Church?

Does Joseph Frankhauser forget the other New England case, where a priest was arrested for rape, and the girl spirited away to Canada, to prevent her appearance in court?

Does Frankhauser remember the insolence with which the immediate clerical superior of the guilty priest appeared before the Judge, in open court, and told the Judge that *he* had caused the violated girl to be taken to Canada?

When the Iberville, (Louisiana) priest, J. F. Holtgreve, was covered with 22 indictments for sodomy, committed on his choir boys, what became of the hideous case?

The Catholic parents of those Catholic boys were forbidden by the priests to permit the boys to testify against Holtgreve, and the loathsome wretch was "transferred" to another pasture.

He died last year, and was given the most effulgent glory of wax-candle High Mass, amid the mournful eulogies of his church colleagues.

Can you imagine a Protestant minister continuing to enjoy the honors of his church, while 22 indictments for the most infamous of crimes were hanging over his head?

Can you fancy Bishop Candler hushing up a scandal, and protecting from punishment, a Methodist preacher who had assaulted a female member of his congregation at the altar-rail of his church?

A court in New Orleans gave judgment for $62,000 against the notorious Scotti who was Archbishop Blenk's pet and secretary; and the verdict involved a transaction in which a woman accused Scotti and another priest (Rouget) of swindling her out of that sum of money.

What did Blenk do to these scoundrels? *Nothing.*

Rouget was eased off into obscurity, and Scotti went his way to entrap another woman, an ignorant credulous, doting old creature, 73 years old.

Scotti persuaded the poor old simpleton to throw over her own blood-kindred and *to adopt him as her son and heir.*

Scotti is 44 years old; and the woman who fell under his criminal influence has two sisters who keep a boarding house for a living.

When the Savannah priest, Schadewell, did *something* which caused a Catholic layman to invade Bishop Keiley's mansion, and nearly kill the priest with a stick, what did Bishop Keiley do to *his* pet?

"Transferred" him to a rural community, in another part of the State.

Neither Schadewell nor his assailant appeared in court; and when the Romanized grand jury met, it took no cognizance of this *assault with intent to murder.*

The Savannah papers did not dare to print a line about it, but they filled their columns, day after day, with an outrageous effort to create a family scandal around the Baptist minister, Rev. Dr. Pickard.

The priest who was sent to Sparta, Georgia, to administer religious consolation to the Catholic wife of the brother of Alexander H. Stephens, found time and opportunity to administer a different sort of consolation to a colored lady, the result being one more mulatto child in our midst.

What was done to the priest?

He was "transferred."

When Cardinal Gibbons' priest, Elmer, embezzled more than $100,000 of church funds, was the felon punished? No, not even indicted.

At this very time, the Catholic mayor of New York City is publicly exposing the crimes of the priests in relation to charity institutions, *and the church is backing the criminals*, whose guilt has been made manifest by their own talks over the telephone.

We Protestants do not emphasize the crimes of priests, *except when they logically result from the Roman system.*

When Archbishop Ireland had been warned of the character of his priest, Jajeski, but refused to unfrock him; and when one of his victims shot him at the confessional, we treated the case as a logical result of celibacy; and when Ireland's influence sent the woman to the insane asylum, *to shut her mouth*, we saw, again the workings of Rome's *system.*

In like manner, when "Father" Francis Doyle, was *caught*, in a police raid, in Pensacola, *he* was secretly transferred; and we again treated the case as typically Roman.

When a priest pointed out Gaynor to Gallaher, in order that Gallaher should know whom to shoot; and when the priest then quietly disappeared, *never to be traced by the Catholic police*, we again saw the Roman system in operation; and we saw Gallaher shut up in the asylum.

When the drunken priest murdered the old station-keeper, in Illinois, and the church rallied to the murderer, proclaiming his insanity, the Catholic jury acquitted the priest, and the church opened the door of the monastery to him, although monasteries are not specially designed for the insane.

In Minnesota, December, 1915, *a priest named Lesehez shot his bishop, Heffron.*

What was done about it? Nothing. The shooter was crazy, and the shoottee, was innocent. *Rome's way!*

A Catholic layman made a knife-thrust at Cardinal Antonelli, in Rome, but never touched the hardened libertine; *and Pope Pius IX. caused the Catholic layman to be put to death.*

NO INDISCRIMINATE ATTACK ON CATHOLIC WOMEN.

Doran and Frankhauser know quite well, that Protestant lecturers and editors do *not* fling general charges against Catholic women.

No; a thousand times, *NO!*

What we *do* say is, that *the system* makes for immorality.

No husband is safe, *when he allows another man to come between himself and his wife.*

The Catholic layman never knows what the priest says to his wife, sister, and daughter, in the Confessional, because the priest teaches the woman that the Confessional is *supernatural*, and that she will commit mortal sin if she reveals what is said in it.

When the adolescent maid is asked whether she has ever been deflowered; whether she ever puts her hands upon certain parts of her own person; whether she ever thinks about boys, and desires them—what is the inevitable tendency of those questions?

What business has a priest, or preacher, to make obscene inquiries?

Where's *the religion* of it?

The priest puts a modest wife on the rack, undresses her with nasty queries, and asks *how* she and her husband conduct themselves, at night, in bed!

What right has any priest, or preacher to do that?

Where's *the religion* of it?

There isn't any: those foul questions are the maggots of a monk's diseased brain; and none but a bachelor priest could revel in that sort of loathsome curiosity.

How on earth can a Catholic maid be profited by saturating her innocent mind with impure suggestions?

How can a Catholic wife be made a better Christian, by being compelled to disclose the sacred secrets of her marital bed?

When Professor Pulliam translated those horrible questions, at my trial in Augusta, men could scarcely believe their ears.

The local Jesuit, M. J. Walsh, felt the necessity of saying something, *quickly*, and he said, virtually, that those questions belonged to the Dark Ages.

Impudent liar! Those questions originated in the 18th century, and their principal author was a morally leprous Italian who died in 1787, the year of the making of our United States Constitution.

He became a "Saint" in 1838; and therefore his hell-broth questions came off his putrid mind almost in our own times.

The Dark Ages have sins enough to answer for, and the sins are chiefly of papal origin; but even the monk of the Dark Ages never communed with Satan, and prepared the questions which have ruined so many of the Pope's bachelors, and so many blindly devout Catholic women.

If the purpose of those questions is *not* to put the women in the power of the priests, *why are they not used on husbands and fathers, as well as upon wives and daughters?*

Answer *that*, you lying Jesuits!

NEITHER PRIEST NOR PENITENT IS ALLOWED TO TELL WHAT IS SAID AT "CONFESSION."

Frankhauser says:

The person confessing is not bound to secrecy; on the contrary, if the priest should make any improper insinuation, the penitent would be obliged to report the matter to the priest's ecclesiastical superior.

Do you detect "the joker", in this statement?

The insulted penitent is *not* to go to her father, husband, or brother!

She must carry the story of shame *to the Roman Catholic bishop!*

Carrying her complaint to *another priest*, would be as effective as putting a candle under a bushel, or a drop of water into the centre of a large sponge.

Let us turn to Dr. Peter Dens, the standard authority on Romanist doctrine, who says:

"The seal of sacramental confession is the obligation of *concealing* etc."

This applies to the priest; and he must *perjure himself*, in court, rather than reveal what he learned from the penitent.

Dr. Dens defends the perjurer, upon the ground that he did not learn the secret, *as a man, BUT AS GOD!*

Thus the Irish theologian demolishes the humility of the German Jesuit.

But it is also taught that *the priest*, hearing the penitent in confessional, *is equal to Christ;* that the entire business partakes of the supernatural: and that no report of what took place is to be made, by either penitent or priest.

When that little girl in Brunswick, Georgia, ran to her mother, after confession, and inquired the meaning of the word "*de-flowered*", she had not learned how to hold her innocent tongue, and was not aware that the pruriently curious priest had sought to pollute her virginal mind.

When Christ said, "Suffer little

children to come unto me," it was never intended that a Christian minister should be *the first* to soil the pristine purity of those maids, awakening within them vague ideas of things never thought of before.

Not bound to secrecy? The questions themselves *prove* that the penitent is bound to secrecy, for no red-blooded Catholic husband, or father, or brother, would allow any man whomsoever to defile his wife, his sister, or his daughter—as Catholic priests are educated and required to do.

Frankhauser confesses that "a few pages" of Roman Catholic theology are too obscene to print.

But he pleads, plaintively, that these "few pages" should not be taken as proof against the rotten morals of his church!

Yet, an evil genius can pack a world of meanness and lasciviousness in "a few pages."

Somehow, this Jesuit plea, *de minimis*, (that it is *too small*) reminds me of the Jew, and the Chambermaid.

A thunder-storm caught the Jew eating ham, and another commotion caught the unmarried Chambermaid with a baby.

Each delinquent pleaded *de minimis*.

The unwedded Chambermaid thought it outrageous that such a rumpus should be kicked up over a babe, as small as hers; and the exasperated Jew jumped up from the table, exclaiming—"Who ever heard so much racket about a few slices of ham?"

Now, this Macon Jesuit places himself in the same mental attitude as that which prevailed upon the Jew and the Chambermaid.

He confesses to the nasty and corrupting theology, but pleads that there isn't enough of it to fill the whole book.

"A few pages?" Why, the best Government the world ever saw has been thundering against me, *for five years*, because of a few pages!

The "only true church of Christ" has been boycotting, prosecuting, and vilifying me, in a truly benevolent manner, because of a few pages.

Had I been in Peru, Mexico, the Philippine Islands, or Spain, and had published those few pages, in 1890, this same "only true church" would have killed me, just as it *did* kill Dr. Jose Rizal, Prof. Ferrer, and Premier Canalejas.

Rev. Joseph Frankhauser alleges that *you* have "a thousand things in your house" similar to those few pages.

If you *have*, you'd better clean up. I am in my 60th year, and have seen the contents of many houses, but never have I seen *anything* comparable to those "few pages."

MUST THE PRIEST ASK THOSE QUESTIONS?

Frankhauser asserts that *those* pages are "not even studied at the Seminary", and that "nowhere in that book is it stated that the priest must ask any questions."

Far be it from me to pretend to read the mind of a Jesuit; but I know a lie when I see one, and that statement of the Macon Jesuit *is a most unabashed falsehood.*

In the first place, Frankhauser cited the example *of the doctor*, who must sometimes ask questions about delicate matters, and the doctor's example was cited *as an excuse for the priest.*

But if the priest doesn't ask any delicate questions, the doctor's example doesn't apply. Out you go, doctor!

In the second place, why are a few pages put into a big book, on Moral Theology, and then practically *eliminated?*

Why spoil a big volume with a few pages of unused nastiness?

But we will go to *the facts.* I have at hand "Dens' Theology", published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., as high-class a house as can be found anywhere.

The title-page reads:

"A Synopsis of the *MORAL THEOLOGY OF PETER DENS*, as prepared for *THE USE OF ROMISH SEMINARIES and Students of Theology.*

Translated from the Latin of the Mechlin edition of 1838 by Joseph F. Berg, Formerly Professor of Latin and Greek in Marshall College."

Dr. Peter Dens stood as well with Rome as did Kenrick, Lebreyne, and Liguori.

His Moral Theology was the text-book, in Ireland, just as Liguori's was, in Italy, Canada, and France.

The translation was not complete, and the reason for this I will give in the Professor's own words:

"The remainder of Vol. IV. treats of sins of licentiousness. *It would not be decent to translate even the least offensive* of these chapters.

The filthiness of this slimy puddle is so offensive that I must be excused from stirring the scum.

I will present a few extracts from the original Latin."

Then the Professor publishes page after page of this libidinous, lascivious, Catholic theology, in the dead language used by Doctor Dens.

Has the Lippincott Company ever been prosecuted for the mailing of this Latin, which the Professor himself declared to be filthy? No.

Was the author of the book ever prosecuted? No.

Did any priest-serving District Attorney ever pick out those Latin pages, and frame an indictment upon them? No.

Did any United States Judge ever preside against Professor Berg, and rule, that one page taken from a book, was an "other publication"—other than the book? No.

The law says, "Book, pamphlet, picture, paper, or *other* publication."

The District Attorney did not dare to indict *my book*, so he tore several several pages out; and Judge Lambdin ruled, that these pages, came under the head, "or *other* publication."

According to this ruling, the book is one publication, *and each page is another.*

Yet, what is it that *makes* the book?

The *pages, of course.* Consequently, the law, as interpreted for *my* benefit, means, that a *bound volume* of 300 pages is a book, but is, also, 300 "other publications."

Every vile passage which Professor Berg left in Latin, *is in the form of a question*, which the priest *must* put to the penitent.

Think of a young *negro priest*, asking a white lady, whether she ever dreamed of defilement, *pollution!*

If a white priest is under religious obligation to use those vile words, in English, then the negro priest must use them, too.

Can *religion* assign any reason for such interrogatories?

O! Think of a modest girl—shrinking, writhing, trembling—as a brute of a negro priest contaminates her with those hideous questions!

And, if she runs to her father and mother with her story, they will do nothing, because they can't.

Their priest is supreme, a God on earth; and he cannot sin.

She can go to the bishop!

Oh, yes: she can go to the bishop; and then she can lick the kitchen floor, by way of penance, for her temerity in having gone to the bishop.

CATHOLIC "PATRIOTISM."

On page 17 of his pamphlet, Frankhauser, S. J. asserts that Roman Catholicism is intensely patriotic, and that the church is loyal to the various countries in which it finds place and power.

So? Then it was intense patriotism which led the Jesuits to conspire against the government of Japan in the 17th century. The Mikado, who had allowed them to enter Nippon, was under the painful necessity of putting them to death as traitors, although their patriotism, their loyalty to the government was so very pure and intense.

It's a pity that Lafcadio Hearn imbibed a wholly different impression when he, in Japan, made a thorough study of the subject, and wrote his scathing indictment against the most

devilish secret society that ever cloaked its criminal designs under the disguise of religion.

(Read Hearn's book, "Japan.")

Was it patriotism that moved the English Catholics to intrigue with the Italian pope, the French King, and the German emperor for the invasion of England by foreign armies, during the reign of that fierce Catholic, Henry VIII?

Was it patriotism which impelled the English Catholics to conspire with Mary, Queen of Scots, for the overthrow and assassination of Queen Elizabeth?

Was it patriotism which inspired the Popes to bring *twenty-six* foreign invasions upon Catholic Italy, every time those Italians endeavored to throw off the detestable yoke of *political Romanism?*

Is it patriotism which now moves the French Canadian priests to forbid French Canadian laymen to enlist and help France fight for her life?

Truly, this Macon Jesuit's ignorance must be phenomenal, or his effrontery immense.

He will be telling us, next, that the English Catholics who stored barrels of gunpowder under the Protestant Houses of Parliament, conspired to blow them up, out of pure patriotism.

If he continues at his present gait, we will have to explain to him what *was* the Guy Fawkes conspiracy.

HISTORIC NAMES AND JESUIT FALSEHOODS.

As usual, this amazing Frankhauser parades the Catholic heroes who won for this country the War of Independence. It's a favorite trick of Romanist editors, tractarians, and pamphleteers.

They have made up this roll of Catholic heroes so often, that I actually believe they believe it. With childish glee they recount the glorious valor of LaFayette, Rochambeau, DeGrasse, Pulaski, Steuben, DeKalb, and the much overworked Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Yes—and Jack Barry the Father of the American Navy.

Splendid roll—splendid lies.

LaFayette was never a Catholic, never a Christian, never anything but a Voltarian, Tom-Paineist, Ben-Franklinite, *unbeliever.* Even the entreaties of a dying Catholic wife could not "convert" him; and he himself died, *without ever having become a professor of any kind of religion.*

(See Sichel's "Household of the LaFayette's," Macmillan Co. Also "The Private Life of LaFayette, by LaFayette's own physician, Jules Cloquet, M. D.)

I have in my library the recently published Memoirs of Rochambeau, edited by his grandson: not one word is said as to his religion. The book presents a picture of his tomb: it bears no Catholic insignia whatever.

Upon what authority did Jesuit Frankhauser and the Romanist clergy claim LaFayette and Rochambeau as devotees of popery?

They were not. As all reading people know, it was an era of infidelity in France, resulting from the abominable lives of the Roman prelates and the pitiable condition to which they had reduced the kingdom.

There is no evidence that DeGrasse and DeKalb were religionists of any sort: and there is positive evidence that General Von Steuben was a Protestant who had been run out of Catholic Hohenzollern-Hechingin by the persecution of Romanist priests.

(See "National Portrait Gallery," Vol. 1, page 300.)

As to poor Pulaski, he was a mere soldier of fortune, who had fought for the Turks against the Christians: and who, not being content with Turkish treatment, went to Paris, and made a bargain with Benj. Franklin, just as so many other adventurers did. Pulaski had been banished from Poland, because of his conspiracy to overthrow its very Catholic King, and there was a price on his fugitive head. The offer kept him moving, to prevent somebody from earning that money. On the promise of the rank and pay of an of-

ficer, Pulaski came over; and at the seige of Savannah he commanded 200 cavalry. Catholic writers—stretching the blanket according to invariable habit—allege that the Polish Count was at the head of both the French and the American horse; whereas, nobody ever heard of any French cavalry in the Revolutionary War, until the priests needed some for controversial purposes.

Pulaski was a brave, rash free-lance; and lost his life in a reckless dash at the British batteries, without having done any real service to the cause.

As to Jack Barry, he was full of fight, as most Irishmen are; but it might be hard to prove that he was a good Catholic, who got up early to go to Mass, and who implicitly believed in the bread-God of the shaven-headed virgins, and who "told" beads and went to confession.

Captain Jack was about the same kind of Catholic as Generals Phil Sheridan and Dan Sickles: the priest may have been allowed to hang around the death-bed, but he was not in evidence during life.

PAUL JONES, THE FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Commodore Hopkins was the first American to head the Navy, and to take a fleet upon the ocean; and Paul Jones was the only effective sea-fighter of the Revolutionary War. The services of Barry were so insignificant, that he never was voted the thanks of Congress, given a sword of honor, or promoted to the command of a fleet.

It was Paul Jones who first ran up the Stars and Stripes; it was Paul Jones who terrorized British shipping and created a panic on the coasts of Ireland, Scotland and England; it was Paul Jones who won, against great odds, the most marvellous naval fight on record; it was Paul Jones who was honored with golden swords and votes of thanks; it was Paul Jones who was afterwards a broken-hearted exile from the land of his birth, dying almost alone in Paris, coldly deserted by the aristocratic American minister, Gouverneur Morris; and it was Paul Jones whose supposed body was left neglected in the basement of our Romanized Naval Academy, at Annapolis, while the negligible Jack Barry was being honored, at national expense, by a magnificent monument in Washington City.

The Romanists had control at Annapolis and at Washington; hence, they could re-write history, and put the commonplace Catholic above the immortal Presbyterian.

As to Charles Carroll, nobody disputes that he went along with the irresistible Maryland tide which compelled the Baltimore merchant to burn his own vessel, *The Peggy Stewart*, because he had imported the forbidden stamps as a part of her cargo.

Oh, yes! Charles Carroll swam upon the torrential current: there was nothing else to do, if he wanted to live in Maryland.

Had *he* remained a King's man, his danger would have been peculiarly great, because *he* was a Catholic and a millionaire. To save his own skin, and his vast possessions, he had to go along with the "Liberty Boys"; but it is only fair to assume that he did so with a buoyant patriotism.

As a hereditary Romanist and Jacobite, he bore no love to the German Guelf Protestants who had taken the English throne from the Catholic Stuarts.

That is a fact which American priests conveniently ignore, when they refer to the zeal with which the Irish Catholics fought *the Protestant troops* of King George III., *the German Guelf.*

Those Catholic Irishmen were still smarting from the bitter memories of the Battle of the Boyne, at which a sickly Dutch Protestant, hardly able to sit his horse, had made it so hot for the last Catholic King of England, that his majesty fairly turned tail and fled. The Irish Catholic soldiers skedaddled fleetly themselves, but none of the fugitives could overtake King James.

Even now, the Irish Catholics get

awfully nettled when you mention the Battle of the Boyne, but in 1776, the bitterness and the hunger for revenge, on the usurping Protestants of England, were infinitely stronger.

The last attempt of the English and Scotch Catholics to turn out the Guelf dynasty *had taken place in* 1745, only 31 years before the Colonies locked horns with the Mother Country. Therefore, the smoldering coals of racial and religious hatred—the Celt against the Saxon—were scarcely covered by a crust of ashes.

That this motive was the mainspring of Catholic action during the Revolutionary War, is further proved by the conduct of the American-Irish Catholics—priests and secret societies—in conspiring with Germany to raise a rebellion in Ireland, this very year, 1916. If the Irish Catholics of America are so intensely eager to fight England, *now*, what must have been their feelings in 1776, a few years after the young Catholic, Charles Edward Stuart, was smashed at Culloden?

BECAUSE THEY FASTED IN LENT AND CHEWED NO MEAT ON FRIDAYS, CATHOLIC FRANCE FOUGHT FOR THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

The following are the words of the Rev. Joe Frankenhauser, Jesuit:

"The Catholic Church obliges her children to abstain from meat on Fridays; to fast during Lent; and to restore stolen goods. This principle of self-denial in the Catholic Church inspired Catholic France to come to our relief in the days of the Revolution, and to make victory possible."

In other words, we owe our independence to the fact that the Catholic eats meat six days instead of seven; pretends to go hungry during a few days each year; and brings back whatever he stole from you.

Consequently we must believe that if the Catholic had eaten a slice of ham on Friday; sneaked three square meals a day, during Lent; and kept stolen property, the Protestants of England would have walloped our venerated forefathers.

Yet, our forefathers ate gladly whatever meat they could get on Friday; did not fast at any time, when they could avoid it; and, if they stole anything, froze on to it, with great determination.

There seems to be a flaw in Joe Jesuit's logic. History tells us that "*Catholic* France" was swept out of existence, in 1789, because of the rebound of American Independence; and therefore the meat-eaters, the non-fasters, and the obdurate thieves—supposing there were any—came out ahead of the Catholics.

All unprejudiced readers know that "Catholic France" had been bombarded, shelled, shot through and through, by Voltaire, Rousseau, the Encyclopedists, the Philosophers, and the Reformers, until the loftiest aristocrats about the court were loudly preaching democracy, the Queen and her set played at the Simple Life, and the atmosphere reeked with Free-thought, Skepticism, Infidelism, Unitarianism, Deism, and downright Atheism.

When Cardinal de Rohan's endeavor to seduce Queen Marie Antoinette resulted in the famous law-suit of the Diamond Necklace, a lurid light glared upon a rotten church and a rotten aristocracy; and the Deluge soon came, sweeping away the Catholic throne, the Catholic hierarchy, and the nominally Catholic aristocracy.

The King was a mere stupid figure-head; and it was not he who directed either the domestic or the foreign policies of "Catholic France." The skeptic nobles did it; and, in sending money, as well as military forces to America, the main thought was to weaken and punish England, the hereditary foe of France, the despoiler that had *recently robbed France of her colonies*, in Hindostan, in Canada, and in the great North West.

Mr. Joe Jesuit should read history, before he writes about it.

THE LIFE-TERMERS IN PAPAL PRISONS.

As to the "Sisters" in the nunneries.

Again, we Protestants do *not* say that *all* nuns are the victims of the priests; what we *do* say is, that the system which allows bachelors to imprison single women, is necessarily one that leads to vice and crime.

Do you demand proof?

We offer you the letters of the great Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII.

We offer you the official assertions of Councils.

We offer you the evidence produced before the British Parliament, upon which the monasteries were dissolved.

We offer you the testimony of such illustrous Catholics as Erasmus, Bishop Ricci, Cardinal Morton, Cardinal Wolseley, Count C. P. de Lasteyrie, Savonarola, and those Heralds of modern Literature, Dante and Petrarch.

Is it enough?

Are full-sexed women the same, now, that they were in the days of Henry VIII. and Pope Alexander VI?

Wasn't it as yesterday, that the nuns emerged from the convents in Lisbon, some leading their children, and some with the "pig in the poke?"

Wasn't it yesterday, that the nun was delivered of her babe in the Indianapolis Department store?

Wasn't it yesterday, that the Mexican nuns, suddenly unhoused, had to scurry into "maternity refuges," alleging that Villa's soldiers did it all?

There isn't a convent in America, 50 years old, that would dare to have it's walls and cellars *probed*.

There isn't a convent on earth, 50 years old, that hasn't been the scene of the fearful crimes described by Erasmus, by Bishop Ricci, and by the Preamble to the Act of Parliament abolishing the English monasteries.

I assume that Rev. Joe Frankhauser knows *the confessions*, made in writing, by the English priests of that day; and knows that the Parliament which suppressed those Romish dens of infamy, *was Catholic*.

I assume that he also knows how diligently the restorer of Romanism in England (Bloody Queen Mary) endeavored to destroy all that *Catholic evidence* against the convents.

No Protestant has ever made a severer arrangement of the system.

Catholics arraigned it, and those accusers evidently believed that *the system* was intended to provide the nun, *to act as sexmate for the unmarried priest*.

It was Pope Gregory VII. who declared that priests and nuns became parents, in the convents; and it was he who accused the nuns of either destroying the fœtus, or the babe.

It was the Catholic Savonarola, who described convents as brothels.

It was the Catholic Duke of Tuscany, who exposed the rotten condition of Italian nunneries.

It was the Catholic Erasmus, who called the monks "hooded whoremongers," and mentioned the murders concealed in the walls of monasteries.

It was to Pope Leo X., that Erasmus sent his written accusations against monks, priests, and nuns; but as Leo X. was as much of a rake as Alexander VI., he was in no coign of vantage to reform clerical morals, especially as he was a sufferer from venereal disease.

The pure, noble minded Catholic, Joseph Blanco White, abandoned Romanism on account, largely, of the corruptions of the convent system; and nobody ever ventured to deny the truth of his statements.

Bishop Manuel Ferrando, now living in New York City, makes the same charges against convents, *which he himself inspected*.

HUMAN NATURE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

Human nature does not change: men and women do not change: a shaven pate does not cool the reins, and a nun's veil does not extinguish sex.

Romanist editors, hard-pressed on this point, refer to the occasional Protestant spinster who comes through the flames, unscorched.

Well, there's a lot to be said about *that*.

In the first place, nobody but the spinster knows how hard the struggle was.

In the second place, *she* was not kept under a lock and key, by a robust bachelor.

In the third place, she *knew* what would be the consequences to herself, if she yielded to treacherous inclination, for *she* was not concealed behind dead walls that tell no tales.

Fourthly, if *she* felt that a man-mate was absolutely necessary, she could set her cap for some marriageable individual, and catch him.

Fifthly; *she* was not in the power of men who had no wives: *she* was free.

It is different with the 58,000 American nuns now locked, in by 20,000 Roman bachelors.

In some mood of enthusiasm, exaltation, or emotional delusion, the young girl "takes the veil."

She finds it heavenly, so long as the veil is the *white* one.

The very hour they get the *black* veil on her, she's a slave.

Buried alive, she cannot see her own father and mother.

Imprisoned, the Law offers her no release.

If she becomes rebellious, she is mercilessly punished, until her spirit is broken.

A kidnapped Yaqui Indian, enslaved by the Catholic land-kings of Yucatan, is not in more pitiable, helpless plight than these 58,000 American women, enslaved by Roman Catholic priests.

And the impudent jailers of these women roar with rage, at the very mention of State Inspection.

The "Sisters" love jail life: they dote on bodily mistreatment: they are infatuated with perpetual imprisonment!

So say the jailers: what do the jailbirds say?

They are not allowed to say anything.

When, occasionally, one of them makes her escape, those brutal and vindictive priests set the police after her, as though she were a convicted felon.

If she is caught, they fling her back into captivity; and God alone knows what they do to her, behind those high, thick, iron-barred walls.

If she is not caught, but begins to tell the public what goes on inside those dungeons, the venomous priests open their batteries of abuse on her, furiously trying to tear every shred of decency from her character.

That's Rome invariable way.

Protestant spinsters, non-Catholic maids, are not the oath-bound, life-long prisoners of any institution, civil or religious.

They are independent human beings, free agents, mistresses of their own actions, and can marry if they want to: they retain *liberty*, and the right to *pursue happpiness*, in their own way.

On the contrary, the Catholic boy or girl who takes the perpetual vow, *surrenders personal freedom*, *FOREVER*, and becomes a veritable slave.

Such vows are against public policy, and should be prohibited, under heavy penalties.

True religion cannot go hand in hand with any system which establishes private dungeons, forced labor, private punishments, and the cutting loose from all human ties.

A religion which refuses to allow a sister to associate with her brother, and denies to the mother any parental relations with her daughter, is no religion at all.

The unsolved riddle of the universe is, that any old thing you call "religion" can dupe so many honest people.

There never yet has been a "religions" impostor who could not draw disciples.

Apollonius did it in the times of Christ; Joe Smith did it in our own times; and the Buddhist temples, stretching from Maine to the Golden Gate, are becoming more numerous than Chinese Joss-houses; but so far as I know, *there has never been an imposture like the convent system of Rome.*

Buddhism has its "temple girls," but all men know what *they* do: the priests of Bacchus were not permitted to marry, but history tells us what *they* were: Babylonian priests compelled every woman to sacrifice her person *once* a year in the temple, and to give the money to the priests; but Rome cuts "the glory of womanhood" from a girl's head, sells the hair to the Department Store, and then she is a perpetual sacrifice, not even being allowed the Babylonian privilege of going to her home, to hide her grief and shame.

The standing marvel, inscrutable to Protestants, is that Roman Catholic parents will tolerate the unnatural, un-Christian, and most cruel convent system.

Spouse, nothing.

Christ doesn't need a wife: the Church doesn't: it's the lustful, unmarried priest that needs the "spouse," and gets her!

If the Catholic father understood the Latin which the priest uses at the initiation of the Catholic nun, the indignant father would slap the priest's filthy mouth, and snatch the girl away. The Catholic layman simply does not know the secrets of his own church, nor the carefully taught duplicities of the priests, else he would never submit as he does, and accept surface *appearances* as the whole truth.

"Spouse of Christ!"

The Starveling

Ralph M. Thomson.

Distraught of mind, perturbed of heart,
Unstrung in every nerve,
A wretched maiden stood apart,
Not knowing whom to serve.

Wrong pointed up and down the street,
At beggars worse than gaunt,
And pledged enough of bread and meat,
To keep the flesh from want.

Right spoke of when the spell should cease,
And Sin exact his toil,
And promised everlasting peace,
And love, and joy of soul.

Distraught of mind, perturbed of heart,
Unstrung in every nerve,
A starving woman stood apart,
Uncertain whom to serve!

The Woman of Babylon.

Joseph Hocking.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I Love You—But I am Afraid!"

It was said among lawyers that Edward Harrington was one of the readiest speakers at the Bar, that he saw his way through every difficulty, and that he was never at a loss for words to express his thoughts. And yet, when he and Joyce were left together, he could not speak a word. She stood looking up into his face with great wonder in her eyes, and her lips parted as if by expectation; but, although his heart was full, he could not speak a word.

"Harrington, did you ever make love?" asked a friend of him one day.

"Why?"

"I should like to know how you did it."

"You think I should do well?"

"I am sure you would reason everything out with the lady," laughed his friend. You would have your case cut and dried. You would marshal your arguments in orderly array, and I think the lady would be so carried away that you would get a verdict."

"Ah, then you have answered your own question," laughed Harrington. "I have never yet got a verdict from a lady."

"Then I should like to be an ear-witness when you make love. I am sure it would be a lesson in logic."

Yet this man stood dumb before the school-girl. He had no words to say; his mind was confused. He had stood before the greatest judges in England, and had matched his wits against those of England's cleverest lawyers, and had felt no fear; he had waited with equanimity while grey-haired judges summed up the case in which he had been interested; but now he stood dumb before a school girl. Her verdict was more to him than the verdict of a judge, which might make or mar his future position. The joy, the glory of life, was bound up in the life of this guileless girl.

She waited for him to speak, her lips tremulous, her heart beating tumultuously.

"Joyce," he said at length, "you know, don't you? You surely know?"

"No," she said; "I do not know. What is it?"

"Why do you look like that? Are you afraid of me?"

"Yes—no. Where is dad gone?" And she looked around the room like one frightened.

"He has left us together because I asked him. Joyce, I want to tell you something—to ask you something."

He caught her hands and held them fast. He felt her fingers tremble in his. There was a look almost amounting to terror in her eyes.

"I love you, Joyce. I want you for my own, my very own. Will you, Joyce? Will you?"

"Oh, no, no," she said in a whisper. "No, no. I dare not. You do not know."

"You are thinking of what your father will say," said Harrington. "But I have spoken to him. I have asked him to give you to me—that is, if you care for me. Do you, little girl? Tell me."

She fastened her eyes upon his face as though she were drawn by a magnet. Her eyes were full of a great wonder—almost of fear. She seemed to be trying to realize what his words meant.

"I love you, little girl," he repeated; "love you with all my heart."

"Oh, but you do not understand. It's wrong—that is, it is impossible."

"Do you mean that?" said Harrington. His voice was hard, and his lips became dry in a moment.

"Yes, yes; you see—that is, I must not think of such a thing." She seemed to be struggling with herself, like someone trying to recite a lesson. "I am so young," she said presently. "I am only a school-girl, and I have to go away again. You heard father say so, didn't you?"

"And you do not love me?"

The voice was not like Harrington's voice as he said this.

"You mean that I am mistaken," he went on; "that—that—you want me to go away, and never see you again?"

"No, no; I did not mean that. I did not really—that is——" She did not finish the sentence, but Harrington felt her fingers clasp his tightly. "No, no; I did not mean that."

"Then you love me?"

"I must not tell you—it would be wrong. What you ask is impossible."

"Look at me, Joyce; look at me straight in the eyes. That is it. Do you tell me it is impossible? Do you tell me that you will be silent? I love you, little maid. You are all the world to me. You will not send me away, will you?"

The girl seemed to be struggling violently with herself. A hard, despairing look came into her eyes; her cheeks became as pale as death.

"Yes," she said slowly; "you must go away. I do not love you. What you ask is impossible."

Harrington dropped her hands, and looked at her steadily.

"You mean that?" he said presently.

"Yes, I mean it."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, sure." She said the words very distinctly, and yet it seemed to Harrington as though it was not Joyce who was speaking at all. And yet he believed her. This man, usually so clear-sighted, was blinded by his love. The girl's words had not only seemed to blight his life, but they blighted his intelligence. He realized nothing, except that the girl to whom his whole life had gone out had refused him.

"Very well," he said quietly, "I will go. Forgive me for causing you pain, won't you? I did not mean to hurt you. I thought—that is—but never mind. I will go now; good-night."

He walked to the door.

"No, not that," she cried. Her hand was upon his arm; her eyes were filled with fear. "You must not go; you——"

"If you do not love me, I must go," said Harrington.

"But no, you must not go. I cannot bear that."

"Then you do love me. Look up, little maid, and tell me."

"Yes, yes," she sobbed.

He caught her hands again.

"Tell me again, Joyce," he cried. "I have been rough—cruel; I did not mean to be, but I am sure I have been. You do love me, don't you?"

"Yes—oh, God forgive me!—I do."

"And you will be my wife?"

"If you will let me."

He held her in his arms, and he felt that her whole body trembled.

"Are you afraid of me?" he asked.

"No, not of you—not now."

"Look up and tell me that again."

Their eyes met, and as he looked into her face he thought he saw her fear pass away like a cloud.

"You won't let—anyone harm me, will you? You will care for me always."

"Care for you? Always!" he cried. "I pity the man who would try to harm you."

His strength seemed to give her confidence. As if by magic, the fear which had possessed her become a thing of the past. With a happy sigh she seemed to throw off the weight that had been upon her. She looked up into his face and laughed.

"You are afraid of nothing now, are you?"

"No, nothing."

"Then let us go into the other room at once. I want to tell your father, to tell them all, that you will be my wife."

Again a look of fear came into her eyes.

"Need you do that?" she asked.

"Yes, I must. I want everyone to know that you are mine, that you are going to be my wife. It's very wonderful to me, my little maid. A month ago I did not know what love meant; now nothing in the world matters to me but your love. My one thought is to make you happy. I shall haunt that part of Germany where you are to go to school. I shall be jealous of everyone that comes near you. I shall feel like murdering anyone who would dare to lay his hand on you."

"You will let no one harm me, will you—no one?"

"I will give my life to protect you, Joyce. You are mine now, aren't you? Mine, mine to love, mine to protect."

"Oh, I am so glad, so happy," sobbed the girl. "But—but——"

"But what, my little maid?"

"Oh, nothing. You are so strong, so wise, I do not fear anything—anyone. Only——"

"Only what?" he asked, as she hesitated.

"It is when you will be away from me. What then? I feel brave and strong now; but then—what then?"

"Do you fear anything, Joyce? Has anyone been frightening you?"

"Oh, no; I fear no one now—no one. You will always protect me, won't you?"

For a moment Ned Harrington wondered what she meant. She had always seemed so strong, so capable, so self-reliant, that he could not understand why she should be constantly repeating the same question. But his happiness was too great to allow him to think much about it. He held the girl he loved in his arms. He looked into her eyes—eyes which burnt brightly with trustfulness and love.

"Always protect you? Why, Joyce, but for the promise I made your father, I should insist on our getting married right away. I simply long to go house-huntng with you. Do you know, while you are away in Germany I am going to spend all my spare time in seeking a beautiful house somewhere on the outskirts of London. There is to be a large garden full of flowers. We will have roses everywhere, because you told me that roses were your favorite flowers. The house shall be embowered by trees. All the same, I will find a place where we can look through and beyond the trees to the smiling country in the distance. I can picture myself coming home from my chambers or the Courts all dusty and tired and I shall hurry with glad feet to our house, where I shall find you awaiting me. You will have tea ready for me on the lawn, and the birds will be singing, while the scent of the roses and the honeysuckle will sweten the air, and you will run to me when you hear the garden gate click. Can't you picture us, my little maid? For you do love me, don't you?"

Again she looked up into his face with a happy laugh, her lips parted with joy, her eyes full of a great wonder.

He stooped and kissed her.

"You want me to tell them all, don't you?"

"Yes, tell them," she said. "I am not afraid of anything now."

A minute later they stood side by side in the next room.

"My friend," said Ned Harrington, "Joyce has promised to be my wife."

Evidently Walter Raymond had not said anything to his wife concerning the purpose of Harrington's visit, for she started as though a wasp had stung her, but her husband did not heed it. Instead, he went towards Harrington with outstretched hand.

"God bless you, my friend," he said. "God bess you both. But not yet, Ned; not for a year or two."

"I will wait your time, Walter," said Harrington, "but do not let it be too long."

He turned to Mrs. Raymond.

"I know it will be hard on you, Mrs. Raymond," he said, "but I will give my life to make her happy."

For a moment she looked at them like one overwhelmed with a great fear.

"I do not wish Joyce to be married," she said. "She is only a child, she does not know her own mind. I think it is wrong of you to unsettle her in this way. She is just a child at school—and—and I do not think married life is her vocation."

"Yes, yes, I know," laughed Ned Harrington. "I did not mean to speak so soon, Mrs. Raymond, but really I could not help it. And surely God meant it so, or He would never have led us to love each

other. I will try to be worthy of your trust, Mrs. Raymond. It shall be the chief thought of my life to make her life a joy."

"I will take no responsibility," she said icily. "Neither my wishes nor my opinions have ever been consulted. As I told you, my hopes for my children are all in another direction. But Mr. Raymond has paid no heed to them. Even now you do not regard me. You do not think my consent worth asking for. Out of pure formality you have spoken to me. But I suppose that does not count. You have spoken to Joyce, and she, not knowing either what is good for her or her own mind, has been led to give a foolish promise. Mr. Raymond, not regarding my desires, has fallen in with your wishes. But I give no consent, and I take no responsibility; therefore, whatever may happen, do not blame me."

"But that does not mean that you forbid our seeing each other?" said Harrington.

"I do not suppose it would matter if I did. As Mr. Raymond has told me, this house is his, not mine. Legally he is the guardian of the children—not I."

With this she rose from her chair and left the room, while a painful silence fell upon all who were in the room.

"Lucy is not very well today, Ned," said Walter Raymond, presently. "Perhaps she will see things in a different light later on. But you are glad, aren't you, Madeline, and you, Rachel and Walter? You will be glad to have Ned for a brother?"

Now that the mother had gone the children seemed freer to speak.

"I think it is just ripping," said young Walter, who had picked up some slang phrases at school. "You are just the best chap in the world to go away with, Mr. Harrington."

"That's right," said Ned; "we'll have some fine times together, Walter. As for Rachel and Madaline, you can hardly realise it, can you?"

"Can't we?" said Madaline. "We'll just haunt you when you have a house of your own!"

Ned Harrington did not leave Walter Raymond's house until late that night, and the hours passed by swiftly. Practical and unromantic as he was said to be, it was wonderful the pictures he drew for Joyce of the blissful future that lay before them. He told her of the way his long vacations should be spent, of the glorious holidays they would have in old Italian towns and amongst old German villages. He told her of the cities he had visited in France and Spain, of the holidays he had had in Italy, and Corsica, and Capri, and Egypt, and Palestine.

"And we will go to them all, Joyce," he said. "You shall see Athens, and Rome, and Florence, and Venice. The glories of that wondrous old world shall be revealed to you; and then, when the holidays are over, we will come back to England to work. As a thank-offering to God we will make other lives happy, and help those who are less favored than we."

He spoke eloquently, for love had fired his imagination and loosened his tongue, and Joyce listened like one entranced. So great was her joy in her new found love that all fear was banished, all clouds passed from her sky. She saw with his eyes, and heard with his ears. Her fresh, pure young heart went out to him in all

its fullness. His strong nature gave her confidence and joy. She had only known him for a few weeks, but he was king of her life; while as Ned Harrington looked at her pure, artless face, saw the brightness of her eyes, and felt her hands in his, he rejoiced with a joy unspeakable. Here was no artificial creature who had frittered away her affection in a dozen meaningless flirtations, but a child of God, who gave him the wealth of her virgin heart; no flower which had become tarnished and faded by contact with a cynical and material world, but a fresh young bud which grew in God's great garden, on which the dust from life's crowded highways found no resting-place.

"God bless her," he said again and again in his heart, "and may He make me worthy of her."

For several days he spent all the time he could spare in her company. He took her up the river and away into the country, and whenever she was with him her sky seemed without a cloud. Sometimes, it is true, she seemed sad and pensive when they met, but after she had been with him a few minutes her sadness fled, and she was happy in the gladness of his presence.

Meanwhile, the day drew nearer when Joyce had to go to the Moravian school in Germany. It had been arranged that she should not go until the school had opened for a week or two, so that her father might be able to go with her. Still, as the days passed by, the date of her departure drew inevitably nearer, and Ned Harrington's heart grew sad at the thought of it. The more so because an important case demanded his presence in the West of England, and obliged him to stay there several days.

"Never mind, Joyce," he said as he left her, "I shall write you every day, and I shall be thinking about you all the time."

"Oh, I am afraid—I am afraid," said Joyce.

"Afraid! Of what, my little girl?"

"Oh, of everything—everything."

"But there is nothing to be afraid of, Joyce. No harm can happen to you or to me. We are in God's hands, little maid."

"Are we? Do you think we are, Ned? Say it again. Say you think He cares."

"I am sure He does, Joyce. I am sure He watches over you, even as I watch over you."

"But if you are very wicked, Ned? If you have displeased Him very much? If you have disobeyed Him?"

"Even then He cares—even then He loves you. But you are not wicked, Joyce; you have not displeased Him; you have not disobeyed Him."

"Do you think I ought to be your wife, Ned? Are you sure I ought to be?"

"Sure? Of course I am. Aren't you?"

"Yes, when you are with me, but when you are away from me, then I fear."

"What do you fear?"

The girl was silent for a time. She seemed on the point of telling him something, but refrained.

"Mother is so angry," she said.

"That is because she regards me as such a heretic. Like all perverts to Romanism, she is anxious to convert everyone to her faith.

She knows that I have, on more than one occasion, exposed the frauds of these priests, and as a consequence she is very angry with me. But she will get over it by-and-by. When she sees how happy you are she will be glad that you are to be my wife. For you love me, don't you, my little maid?"

"Love you? Oh, God forgive me for loving you so much!"

"Forgive you for loving me so much? Come now, Joyce."

"Yes, for loving you more than I love Him, because I think more of pleasing you than pleasing Him. I do not feel it now you are with me, but when I am alone, Ned, then I am afraid."

"I shall be back next Thursday," he cried when he left. "Just one week, Joyce, then I am going to take two days' holiday, so as to be with you the whole time before you leave for Germany on the Friday. I shall come straight from Paddington here on Tuesday night."

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure."

It seemed as though she could not bear to let him go. Even after he had left the house she followed him, and called him back to assure her that he would return on the Tuesday, and that no harm could happen to her while he was from her. And Ned Harrington, rejoicing in her love, yet wondering at her fear, assured her that all would be as she wished.

When he was at length gone Joyce went to her own room, and remained there for a long time in silence. Throughout the whole evening she was silent and thoughtful, as though something was weighing on her mind. She constantly started, as if she feared someone was coming.

Presently, when she heard the door-bell ring, she trembled violently, and her face became as pale as ashes; then, as soon as she heard her father's step, the fear left her eyes, and she ran to him with a glad smile. Several times during the evening the seemed on the point of telling him something, but whatever was on her mind she kept to herself.

"What time will you be home to-night, dad?" she asked her father the following morning.

"Not till late, I am afraid," he replied. "You see, Joyce, I have taken it rather easily lately, and there is a great deal of work to overtake. Besides, I must get things so arranged that I can spend a few days in Germany when I take you there."

"Do you want me to go there very much, dad?" she asked almost plaintively.

"I dread the thought of your going away again, darling, while Ned Harrington is worse than I. But I am sure it is the right thing. A year in one of the best schools in Europe will mean a great deal to you. You see, you must be fitted for a great future, Joyce. Ned Harrington is going to be a great man. Nothing is impossible to him, and, humanly speaking, there is nothing to hinder him from being one of the foremost men in England. Thus it is necessary for his wife to be fully equipped for her position."

The girl's face flushed with joy. Praise of Harrington was sweet to her. "Did you have any trouble about the Bruges school?" she asked.

"Oh, the Mother Superior was a trifle annoyed, and spoke about

my not treating her fairly, and all that. But, of course, that is nothing. Besides, I am very glad that you are to be taken away from the unhealthy influences of the place. I trust," he continued, "that you have broken the spell which the place cast upon you. You do not wish to go back there, do you?"

"No—oh, no!"

She said the words almost feverishly.

"And you have forgotten all about that fiasco of joining the Roman Church?"

"You have never told Ned about it, have you, dad?" she asked, and her face was very pale as she spoke."

"Not a word. I was sure that as soon as you came under healthier surroundings you would see that you were led away by undue influence, and that you would regret the step you took. I notice that you have not been to any of the Romish churches, and so I have gladly come to the conclusion that you have broken with the whole business. You don't want to be a Papist, do you, Joyce?"

The girl burst out crying bitterly.

"There, there," said Walter; "I know just what you feel. But don't be afraid, little maid; no one shall trouble you. At home you have me and Ned to protect you; while in Germany you will be as happy as the day is long."

Walter Raymond had not gone to his office more than an hour, however, before a note came for Joyce. When she read it, her face was as pale as the face of a corpse, and an hour later she left the house with a strange, haunted look in her eyes. It seemed as though a great dread filled her life. She did not return home for more than three hours, and when she again entered the house the black cloud which had over-shadowed her had evidently not passed away.

Mrs. Raymond smiled with satisfaction as she saw her.

CHAPTER XV.

THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH.

"The question lies here, my child—Who will you grieve: your father or your Lord? your lover or the Holy Mother of Sorrows? The choice is no light one. Unknown to your father, you went to the Church of our Sorrowing Lady on Good Friday evening. I saw you there. I saw, too, how much you were moved by the sermon. As Father McCarthy enlarged upon the sorrows of the Holy Mother, I saw how your heart was moved. As he enforced the truth that every disobedience to the Holy Church meant not only crucifying our Lord again, but renewed the pains of our Sorrowing Mother, I knew you vowed never to be guilty of such a hellish crime. I saw, my child: I saw and understood. But you have fallen away. You have allowed a sinful love to enter your life. You yielded first to the carnal influence of your father, the man who is one of the greatest enemies of your soul's salvation. He has exerted an unlawful authority over your mother: he has claimed the right to govern his household according to his worldly

nature. Supported by your father's authority, you defied your Father Brandon. You did not come to confession as you were bidden; aye, and you allowed yourself to be swept away by an unholy affection for that enemy of our faith. You, who have plighted your troth to our Holy Church, were led to be unfaithful, and to plight your troth to a man who is a sinner, a man who would lead you to eternal damnation. At last, after repeated solicitations and warnings, grace has again touched your heart, and you have obeyed the Church in so far as to come to one of her priests. And now the question of questions has to be faced. Will you obey God or Mammon? Will you come back to the Church, contrite, penitent, and obedient, or will you lose your soul? You know the penalty of disobedience. The Church is a great mother which comforts and blesses her penitent children, but for the unrepentant there is no hope. Remember our Lord's words: 'He that putteth his hand to the plough, and then turneth back, is not fit for the Kingdom of God.' And what is the doom of those who are not fit for the Kingdom of God? You know that article of our faith which speaks of the doom of the unrepentant. Everlasting fire, my child; everlasting fire! And of what avail will your sinful love be then?"

Joyce Raymond sat looking at the face of Father Ritzoom, transfixed with a great terror. The man's strong face fascinated her; his deep, mysterious eyes mastered her. She felt not only the meaning of his words, but all they suggested. Her imagination was fired. Her conduct appeared to her as a crime against God; her future, if she followed her heart, would be the unending torments of a ghastly hell. And yet, even although she was sure of this, her heart went out to the man she loved; aye, had he entered the room at that moment, she would have dared what she believed to be the wrath of God, and flung herself into his arms with gladness. But he was not there. He was far away; and, meanwhile, she had yielded to the commands of her mother and the behests of the priests, and she had placed herself under the influence of a man whom, it had been said, no Catholic could refuse to obey.

"Remember," went on Ritzoom, "you are a Catholic; you have been baptised into the Church's communion; you have partaken of her sacraments; you have promised abedience to her commands. While you were outside the Church, your sin of disobedience to the Church might be forgiven—nay, even if you had died outside her communion, you might, if you acted up to the light you had, have at last entered heaven, because you were ignorant of the Church's claims and the Church's power. But you cannot plead that. You have been baptised into the Church; you know her claims; you know her powers; therefore you have sinned against the light knowingly; and now, if you die in your sin, there can be no forgiveness. There is nothing but the fires of an eternal hell for all Catholics who become heretics and die in their sins. Think, my child; think."

"I did not realize what I was doing," said Joyce, almost sullenly. "I was deceived; I was made to believe that my father wished me to become a Catholic, even as my mother and sisters and brother were. But my father knew nothing of it. He had been deceived, even as I was."

"That, of course, is a mistake," replied Ritzoom, suavely. "Either your father did give his consent in a moment of indifference—that

is, before he became an avowed enemy of the Church—or else you failed to understand the good father or the Mother Superior who spoke to you. But, in any case, it does not affect. You became a child of the Church willingly, you promised to obey her implicitly, and you have disobeyed, and you have promised to become the wife of an enemy of the faith. Thus there is a plain issue. What are you going to do? Obey man or obey God? Give a man of the world an hour's disappointment or crucify your Lord again? Live for the sinful happiness of a few short years, and thereby plunge yourself into eternal damnation, or determine to save your soul, even although you give momentary disappointment to the enemies of your soul? Which, my child—which?"

To Joyce Raymond it was a very real and a very terrible alternative. At that moment she believed every word which Ritzoom said. During her early years she had thought little or nothing about those great religious questions which had split Christendom in twain. Walter Raymond, her father, had, as we have said, troubled but little about such questions. "Let the children grow up healthy and pure," he had said, "and all will be well." And so he had simply taught them to love God, and to live the Christian life which Christ died to make known to the world. Churches and dogmas had never troubled him. Thus Joyce had grown up a simple minded child of Nature, truthful and pure. She loved the God Who was revealed by His Son, and that was all. Left alone a few hours longer, she would have been less amenable to the influences which afterwards surrounded her. But at eighteen she had been placed under influences which were utterly strange to her. She was but a child in feeling when she went to the school at Bruges; she knew nothing of the great world. She had not been there a month, however, when the subtle influence of the convent school pervaded her life. Unconsciously almost she was made to believe that to be religious, and to please God, she must become a member of the Roman Church. Not in so many words had she been made to feel this, but by a thousand stray sentences, a thousand suggestions. She found herself pitied as a Protestant; she was referred to as being one in the dark, knowing nothing of the truths of God or of the joys of those who were received into the Church. She knew nothing of the history of the Papacy. The story of those dark days, when the Roman Church made Europe a scene of superstition, cruelty, and horror, was unknown to her. She did not know that almost every nation where the priest laid his hand in power had become paralysed and dwarfed. She knew nothing either of that ghastly story of infamy and cruelty to read which is to make the heart shudder. She was but a sensitive girl, and almost imperceptibly she had yielded to the influences by which she was surrounded. As the months passed by these influences increased in power. Thus, when the news reached her that her mother had become a Romanist she did not wonder. It seemed natural that both she and Rachel, and Madaline and Walter, should be baptised. As a natural consequence, moreover, when she was given to understand that both her father and mother wished her to be received into the Roman Communion, she succumbed to the influences of the past few months, and became, as Ritzoom had said, a child of the Church. The seeds sown at the school had taken deep root in her young life; the influences of the last year had thrown a spell upon her. She had no arguments to

rebut the Church's claims; and thus, although under ordinary circumstances she was a strong, resolute girl, she became but wax in the hands of a clever man like Ritzoom.

What wonder, then, that she was made to feel that her father, in spite of her love for him, was an enemy to the Lord Whom she had confessed? What wonder that Ritzoom made her feel that her love for Harrington, who was a strong Protestant, and would inevitably lead her to think less and less of the Church and her claims, was a snare of the devil? There, in the presence of the priest, she felt as though her crime was almost unpardonable, and that only by the infinite mercy of the Church could she be forgiven. While she was with the man she loved she did not fear; his strong presence, his healthy scorn of all priestly pretensions, made her think ligetly of what had taken place at Bruges. Besides, she loved him; her heart had gone out to him; all the wealth of her young life had been given to him. Added to this, she had never told him she had been received into the Roman Communion. She had been commanded to keep this a secret, and she had found it easy to obey; and, as her father was so annoyed at what had taken place that he had not even told Ned Harrington of the daughter's perversion, the two did not realize the cloud that hung over their lives. Now, however, all was different. Father Ritzoom made her feel the terror of what she had done; and when he told her what she must do in order to obtain the Church's pardon, and thus save herself from the Church's wrath and the fires of an eternal hell in the future, she saw no way of escape.

Presently she rose to leave the priest, and as she did so Ritzoom took her hand.

"Grace hath touched your heart, my child," he said. "You see the heinousness of your sin."

"Oh, God, forgive me!" cried the girl. "What shall I do?"

"I will tell you first what you must not do," said the Jesuit. "You must not open another letter from that man Harrington; you must not mention his name to your father. You must not be afraid to disobey the man who, although your father, is an enemy to your soul. And then you must obey me implicitly—implicitly, my child."

"But what must I do?"

Ritzoom hesitated for a moment. Then he spoke to her in low, impressive tones. At first she did not seem to understand him, but presently, as his meaning became more and more plain, her face became as pale as death, her eyes dilated with terror.

"No, no; not that!" she cried.

"And why, my child?" said the priest quietly. "Have I to go over all the old arguments again? The question is plain—are you going to obey God or the devil?"

"But—but, father——"

"What the Church demands she demands in love. She does not think of the happiness of a lifetime, but the happiness of eternity. She does not trouble about the ease, the comfort, of the body of flesh, but the destiny of the immortal soul. You have sinned grievously, my child, and this is your means of forgiveness."

"But my father said——"

"Is your father the keeper of your soul? Is the man who has closed his heart to grace, and who, by reason of his hardness of

heart, has cast a shadow over your mother's life, to be your guide in spiritual matters? When the Church commands, your Lord has commanded. If you refuse, you refuse at your peril."

For a moment a feeling of rebelion rose in the girl's heart. All that spirit of independence, all that love of freedom which has been so characteristic of the British race, asserted itself. She was young, she was fair, she loved liberty, she loved and trusted her father, and more, she loved the man to whom she had plighted her troth with all the wealth of her young life. How, then, could she yield to the priest's demands?

"But for the blackness of your sin, but for the fact that your nature has become so utterly perverted by your love for this heretic, I might not be obliged to insist on such strong measures," said Ritzoom; "but I can see you standing on the brink of an awful doom; the mouth of hell gapes wide, my child. It is for the Church to save you, even at the cost of all those sinful things which you hold dear. The wounds of your Lord bleed afresh at your sin: the tears of our Sorrowing Lady fall more copiously because of your apostasy from her Son. Will you not heal those wounds by repentance, my child? Will you not dry those tears by obedience? I say this to appeal to that spark of grace which still burns in your heart. I will not urge the doom which comes through disobedience —I will only plead."

When Joyce came into the open air again she did not feel the brightness of the sun, she did not hear the birds singing. The flowers that grew in the gardens, the mantle of green which God was placing upon trees and fields, had no message to her. She was blinded to beauty, she was deafened to music. She saw nothing but the shadow of a great darkness; she seemed to be walking towards a black midnight. The spell of the man with whom she had been speaking held her fast. His presence seemed to encircle her even as she walked across Clapham Common; the ghastly terror which his words contained followed her wherever she went. She was afraid to go home; her mother was there, and would echo the Jesuit's words. Her father was somewhere in the City—where, she knew not, but certainly not at his office. As for Harrington, he was away in the West of England, and she dared not go to him.

Should she obey Ritzoom's commands? Her whole heart recoiled against the thought, and yet she feared to do otherwise. The man had thrown his spell upon her, and she could not break away from its power.

She left Clapham Common, and walked through the grim streets towards Battersea Park. There she could find some quiet nook where she might rest and think. Presently she found herself in the sub-tropical gardens, where she wandered amidst the plants and flowers. But she saw no beauty in them. The terror of her interview with Ritzoom followed her; the ghastly alternative which he placed before her loomed grim and dark. If she followed her heart, she rushed headlong into hell; if she did not, if she obeyed the Church, then earthly light and hope seemed gone forever.

Presently she felt more tranquil. She need not decide that day; and although it would be late before her father came home, she would see him before she went to bed. It is true Ritzoom had spoken of him as an enemy of her soul; nevertheless, his frank

honesty and his unvarying kindness always did her good. Perhaps, after all, he might speak some word which would guide her.

When she reached home, however, she found two priests in the house. It is true her father had forbidden Father Brandon to enter the house; nevertheless, he, with another priest, sat with her mother in the little drawing room. Again the spell of the Church grew stronger. How dare she refuse to obey her behests? She had been baptised into her communion, and she had promised to obey her teachings. No, she must not see her father; she must not imperil her soul. She therefore went to bed early; and as she sat looking at the crucifix before her she felt that she must obey the will of the Church.

The following morning she slept late. Through the night she lay sleepless; but as morning came on she fell into a troubled slumber, from which she did not awake until her father had gone to his office.

When she came downstairs, she was met by her mother.

"I know what Father Ritzoom has said to you, Joyce," she said. "You must obey him, my dear. You must not break your mother's heart by disobedience."

Joyce did not answer. Instead, her eyes flew to the mantlepiece, on which Ned Harrington's letters were placed.

"Is there no letter for me?" she asked.

"No."

"Are you sure, mother?"

"Of course, I am sure. You expect a letter from Harrington; but, my dear child, don't depend on him. 'Out of sight, out of mind,' is the motto of such men as he."

"It is untrue," said the girl; "you know it is untrue."

"Oh, you poor, silly child! He has told you he was never engaged before, hasn't he? Do you believe it? No, he is not that sort. I'll tell you what you would find if you went to his rooms. You would find the photographs of actresses and ballet girls on his mantlepiece. I expect that even now he is enjoying himself down in Plymouth with some of them, and laughing with them about a silly schoolgirl in London who was foolish enough to believe in him."

Joyce sat down to breakfast, but she could eat nothing. She did not believe a word her mother had said; nevertheless, they made her feel more miserable. She told herself, when she rose, that she was going to destroy his letter unopened; nevertheless, she felt terribly disappointed at finding none.

Another day passed, and still no letter arrived. What could it mean? Was he ill, or did her mother speak the truth? Had he been playing with her affections? But for her interview with Ritzoom, she would have written him, asking him what he meant by his silence; but she was afrair to no so. Besides, she had promised the priest that she would not write. Perhaps he would be angry at her silence, even as she had been angry at his.

During the day Father Brandon and the other priest visited the house again, and Joyce could not help hearing the conversation. Ere long they began talking about Harrington's brother, who was a Jesuit priest.

"Yes," said Brandon, "I suppose he has been greatly grieved about his brother. Naturally, for Cecil Harrington is one of the

best and most devout men in the world. The last time they met was a few weeks ago, when Cecil took him to task about his loose way of living. He told him in plain words what his theatrical suppers and wine-drinking parties meant. Of course, Cecil is very strict in his ideas; perhaps that is because of the rebound from his brother's way of living. Moreover, as a devout Catholic, he was grieved at his brother's atheism."

Joyce felt like rising to her feet and denouncing his words as a falsehood; but what could she say? She had no proof. Moreover, had not Father Ritzoom told her to drive the man she loved out of her heart?

Still another day passed, and still no letter arrived. She had seen little or nothing of her father. He was hard at work in order to snatch a few days from business so as to accompany her to the German school; therefore she had no society but that of her mother.

"Oh, God, help me!" she prayed again and again.

The next day she had another interview with Father Ritzoom, and the spell of this strange, mysterious man grew stronger upon her. Despair was in her heart, and yet there was no one to whom she could turn for help.

Meanwhile, Ned Harrington was wondering greatly why he had received only one letter from Joyce. He had written again and again asking the reason for her silence, and had even sent a telegram, asking what was the matter. Still he could not leave Plymouth. The case in which he was engaged was very important, and demanded his most vigilant attention. He had promised himself that he should be comforted each day by Joyce's letters, and therefore was the more disappointed when none came. He hoped for the best, however, and tried to believe that everything would be fully explained on his return.

At length the case in which he was engaged was completed as far as the Courts were concerned, and he promised himself that he would be able to catch the afternoon train from Plymouth, which would land him at Paddington shortly after ten that night. But in this he was disappointed. He found it necessary to hold a consultation with his clients and their solicitor, and when their interview came to an end the train had gone.

"It is a nuisance," thought the young man; "but it can't be helped. I will catch the first train in the morning, and drive straight to Raymond's house," and his heart warmed at the thought of meeting Joyce, although he was much disturbed at only receiving one letter from her.

That evening, as he was sitting at dinner in his hotel, a waiter brought him a telegram.

"Great trouble. Joyce. Urgent that you return immediately. Wire if I may meet train arriving Paddington 3:30 tomorrow morning.—Raymond.

He glanced hurriedly at his watch. It was now half-past seven, and the train which arrived at Paddington in the early morning left Plymouth at eight o'clock. Yes, he could do it. He hastily scribbled a telegram to Raymond, and then hurriedly packed his bags and paid his bill. By eight o'clock he was seated in the train just starting for London.

Alone in the carriage he was able to think. He had received only one letter from Joyce. He had received no reply to his tele-

gram. This had a meaning. Following this was the ominous telegram from Walter Raymond. The words which troubled him were, "Great trouble. Joyce."

Ned Harrington was not a man to lose his head easily. His friends had often told him he had no nerves. In this they were mistaken. He felt things keenly, but his nerves were of steel. Moreover, he knew from experience that only the self-contained man was a strong man. Nevertheless, for more than an hour he forgot his cigar, and presently, when he lit it, it was more from habit than anything else.

By the time the train had reached Exeter he had drawn his conclusions. He had reviewed the whole situation from beginning to end, and he felt sure that he knew what to expect. Nevertheless, there was something wanting in his chain of reasoning. He, of course knew that Joyce had been for a year at a convent school, and that as a consequence her mind would be influenced toward the Roman Church; but he did not know that she had been received into the communion. Still, he had not the slightest doubt but that the priests were at the back of the trouble about Joyce. He called to mind the fears she had expressed when last he had been with her. Evidently the priests had something to do with those fears. He blamed himself for not taking her words more at heart, but he had been so happy that he had never imagined any immediate trouble from that quarter. Now, however, his eyes were opened.

By the time the train reached Bristol he had imagined many contingencies, and the way those contingencies would have to be met. But, in spite of all his imaginings, he had not happened upon the truth. He did not yet know Father Ritzoom.

At half-past three in the morning the train rushed into Paddington station. A few porters were around, but the place had a terribly empty appearance. To Harrington, as he looked out of the carriage window, it suggested a great desolation.

The train came to a standstill, but before it did so Ned Harrington was on the platform looking for his friend. They were not long in finding each other.

There were no exclamations of despair, no inarticulate, wild questionings. These two men did not belong to the order of those who waste time by making irrelevant remarks.

"What's the trouble, Walter?"

"Joyce has left home. We do not know where she has gone."

Ned Harrington did not expect this. He had thought of a hundred things, but not this. For a moment it staggered him, but only for a moment.

"When did she leave?"

"Some time during the day. I saw her this morning."

"Did she seem well?"

"Yes; but I fancied that she looked worried. I told her so, but she assured me that nothing was the matter. Still, I wondered why she called me back a second time to bid me good-morning."

"Then?"

Ned Harrington did not try to comfort his friend by telling him that possibly Joyce had been called away to visit a friend, or something of that sort. He knew that Raymond would have considered all such contingencies.

"But she left some message behind?"

"Yes, two letters. One for me and one for you. Here is yours."

(To Be Continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

THE press-dispatches announce that the German emperors promised the Pope they would restore his Temporal Power, if they were successful in the War. This has been so often stated, that there can hardly be a doubt about it. Hence, a warning published in England, years ago, becomes especially interesting:

"The Vatican looks to the government of Austria, its bond-servant, to restore the temporal power; but, as we have already said, England blocks the way. Austria cannot move in the matter, either to regain Venetia and Lombardy, or to help the pope to the temporal power, until England is humiliated. The pope and the church must first find a power to attempt this, find a power that will dare to make war upon England. Well, the world knows—it has again and again been declared—that the pope and the church have found such a power in Germany, and that in the person of the Kaiser they have found the very man to inspire and lead the nation in this enterprise. Among his great and varied talents, his boundless ambition and self-confidence, which would lead him to undertake almost anything, he possesses, in quite a phenomenal degree, these two qualifications for the task—hatred of England and love of the pope. I believe he stands unique among the rulers of the world in this respect; and it is the more strange it should be so, seeing he professes to be a Christin and a Protestant. Yet that he possesses, or rather, is possessed by, these two passions, there can, I think, be no doubt."—The Papal Conquest, or Italy's Warning, "Wake up, John Bull," by the Rev. Alex. Robertson, D. D., p. 320.

The State must be Subordinate to Rome.

"There should be a union between the church and state as between the two great constituent elements of one moral body, each working in its proper sphere for the common good. This union must be effected by subordination of the one to the other, and not by co-ordination. For the latter would require that a third authority should be established on earth, to which disputes between the church and state would be referred for settlement. As one of the powers must, therefore, be subordinate to the other, it follows, as a matter of course, that the spiritual should rule, at least so far as to define the limits of its authority, and direct the movements of the state according to the law of God, as the human soul directs the body."—A Manual of Church History, by the Rev. Professor T. Gilmartin (a Roman Catholic). 1904.

Romish Bishops are Superior to the State.

"If the bishops, whose authority issues from God Himself, are the natural judges of all questions which touch upon the Christian faith and morals; if they are the acknowledged heads of a perfect condition of society, **sovereign in itself and standing above that of the state,** it follows that it is in their province, when circumstances render it desirable, not merely to express generally tneir views and wishes in regard to religious matters, but also to indicate to the faithful the best means of attaining the spiritual ends in view."—**Pastoral Letter** of the Canadian Roman Catholic Hierarchy in 1896.

Rome Claims Independence of Civil Society

"**Corol. II.**—Therefore the church of Christ is quite independent of civil society, directly, as well as indirectly."—**Institutions Juris Ecclesiastici Publici,** by Professor P. Marianus de Luca, S. J., p. 133. (The work was warmly commended by Pope Leo XIII.)

Romanists Demand That Her Chaplains Be Made Brigadier-Generals!

The Catholic Extension Society of the United States of America publishes at Chicago "an advocate of the missionary spirit" called the **Extension Magazine.** The editor has really less admiration for our government than for that of Mexico. A defect of our system, according to the editor, is lack of chaplains in the army and navy, and even in the National Guard. He would Europeanize the United States in this regard. We quote, using the magazine's own capitals:

"The number of Army Chaplains for the United States forces is to be increased. At first the Senate Committee had it in mind to do quite the opposite; and in adtition

take away from present Chaplains their rank as officers. Instead of taking away rank, there should be provision made for even higher grades. Catholic Army Chaplains should be, as in Europe, under an Army Bishop, who should hold at least the rank of Brigadier-General. Both Army and Navy Chaplains could be subjeat to one Bishop. We happen to know that the Holy See favors arrangements of this kind in Europe, and we think would favor them wherever they could be made. Protestant Chaplains could be placed under a departmental head with the same rank as the Catholic Army Bishop, allowing each denomination its turn at leadership. In the British Army the so-called 'dissenters' —by us known as Protestants, but excepting the Episcopalians—have a Chaplain-General of their own. Even are there two Lieutenant-Colonel Chaplains, one Catholic and one Protestant, for the Canadian troops. Germany has the same arrangement. Belgium has no Army Bishop, but there is a Protonotary Apostolic occupying the place of Catholic Chaplain-General, with all necessary faculties and jurisdiction. France has Chaplains, but no organization—naturally. We hope she will not be caught thus again. It would be good for our Chaplains to have supervision. It would be good for their work. Moreover, it would fcilitate the business of the heads of both Army and Navy to deal with a chief and not with fifty or sixty individuals. The present arranfement is a make-shift, good only if it is the best we can do under the circumstances. We ought to make Father O'Hern a Chaplain-General or find one of the Chaplains to fill the position."

The magazine has the same program for the National Guard as for the army and navy. It thinks there can't be too many chaplains, for even in times of peace "a good chaplain can make his influence felt both in the armory and in the field.' The Truth Seeker has always contended that the function of an army or navy chaplain is that of a missionary, and that the churches contemplate these departments as a missionary field. This Catholic magazine verifies that view. It is a missionary magazine, devoted to the extension of the faith. Congress in naming chaplains should know what it is about—that it is appointing missionaries and paying their salaries. Not only that, but the army bestows high rank on them, accompanied with officers' pay. The Catholic magazine asks for an "army bishop" with "at least the rank of brigadier-general." Why not commander-in-chief, so that he may draw the same salary as the President? Judging from the present sympathies of Catholic-Americans, it would not be the safest policy in the world for this country to multiply Catholic chaplains in the army and navy, to be in possession of military knowledge in time of difficulty with certain nations overseas which are held in higher esteem by them than this. French priests acted as German spies in France. The loyalty of American priests cannot be relied upon.—Truth-Seeker.

AUSTRIAN ATROCITIES.

(Special Correspondence of The World.)

Rome, June 15.—Austrian concentration camps appear to be as prolific of horrors as some of the German ones. Two prisoners lately captured by the Italians at Monfalcon—one a Russian, the other an Austrian formerly in charge of Italians, interned at Mauthausen—testify to the cruelty with which the Austrian authorities treat Italian prisoners especially.

"The English are well treated," said the Russian, who was sent by his captors to dig trenches against Italy. "But the Austrians don't hate the English. They loathe us Russians; above all, they loathe the Italians. When Italy first went into the war Austrians talked about soon beating the 'nation of macaroni eaters and guitar players.' Now, they see that it is not so easy to march to Milan, and they wreak vengeance upon Italian prisoners."

Forced to Do Murder.

"I had to obey inhuman orders," said the Austrian, who was in guard at the Mauthausen Concentration Camp. I and my comrades had to shoot thirty-five prisoners because they asked for better treatment and food. They had not even the semblance of a trial. After that I was sent to do jailor's work at Thalernoy near Gratz. Here I found 8,000 Italians, men women, and children of all classes, but mostly lawyers doctors, professors, priests and ladies. For many days after their arrival the people were kept under the bare sky, without as much as a tent, and in the most revolting promiscuity. They were starving. Sometimes they only had one portion of soup per day, and this was poured into their hands or hats. There were neither basins nor plates. They never got fed more than once a day."

The prisoners then gave some particulars of the lack of even the most primitive sanitary arrangements, which not only led to great moral suffering for the women, but also to typhoid, which killed off 2,000 of the 8,000 interned. When the women refused to perform the most revolting tasks of the camps they were stripped and beaten in the presence of the whole guard and then put into chains. The unfortunate states that there were also some Polish ladies of aristocratic birth in the camp at Thalernov but most of them succumbed to the terrible treatment.

Dead Buried in Camp.

The dead were buried in the precincts of the camp itelf by those not fortunate enough to put an end to their sufferings by dying. The sentries had orders to fire on anybody they thought suspicious or inclined to rebel. Those who smoked were shot at sight.

The terrible filth brought on running sores and even gangrene. This made amputation of limbs necessary. The amputated members were thrown onto the midden. Fleas were so troublesome that they caused sores and a spread of infection. Then the commandant of the camp ordered baths for the prisoners. But even these were made an excuse for barbarity. They were begun in mid-December, the interned, both men and women, being obliged to cross open spaces to the baths perfectly naked. In the air, in this plight, they awaited their turn at the "bath," which was nothing but a douche and quite inadequate to restore cleanliness. At the women's bath the Austrian officers used to organize perfect orgies, inviting officers from Gratz to come and see the Italian and Polish women bathe. When the women protested against the insult they were put in irons. The officers made them pose, nude, for photographs.

REVOLUTION IN YUCATAN.

Those who read the series of articles by John K. Turner, entitled "Barbarous Mexico," published in The American Magazine several years ago, will remember its description of conditions in the Mexican State of Yucatan. These articles showed that in that State peonage had developed into what practically amounted to chattel slavery. The land was held by a few big owners and worked by these slaves.

Since then has occurred the revolution which drove out Diaz and Huerta, and now, unless interfered with by the United States, will establish economic conditions better than are known elsewhere.

In Yucatan a beginning has been made of this fundamental reform. Slavery has been abolished. The big estates have been broken up. The New York Call of June 18, has an interview with Modesto C. Rolland, attorney-general of Yucatan, at present in New York on official business. It is two years since the first distribution of land took place under the new law and Mr. Rolland's description of its working is thus given in part:

"When Yucatan was a Spanish possession each village was given by the Spanish crown a tract of surrounding land called communal lands. Gradually these communal lands were eaten up through fraud by owners of adjacent haciendas. The new law first of all re-established the communal lands. Payment was made for these expropriated lands by the government. Then these communal lands were divided into tracts of approximately fifty-eight and one-half acres. It is these fifty-eight and one-half acre tracts that are given to the people. If the communal tract is not large enough to meet the demand, additional adjacent land is expropriated and given to the land-hungry.

This land is not deeded. The State retains ownership and will forever. The land goes to the people for use. The peon keeps the land as long as he uses it. When he dies his wife may continue to keep it—if she works it. Otherwise it goes back to the State. If the occupant fails to work the land up to a perscribed standard he cannot keep it.

The occupant pays to the State a tax of about two and one-half per cent of the ualue fixed by the State. That is his rent.

"We never fear any counter revolution in Yucatan," said Mr. Rolland to me, "because the people there are getting what they want. People don't rebel against themselves.

"There are in Yucatan now only 700 soldiers. There are three times as many school teachers. There are 2,400 schools in operation, and where most of these are now two or three years ago there were none.

"Teachers are the scarcest thing in Merico," said Mr. Rolland. "Every Governor is asking for teachers. They can not get enough of them."

It is the object of the taxation law to adjust taxes on a just basis.

ROMANIST INTOLERANCE.

About seventeen years ago, as a result of the war with Spain, the United States annexed the Philippine Islands. The religion of these islands was exclusively Roman Catholic. No public worship in any other was permitted. But as under the United States Constitution all religions are equal, this could not continue. The heads of the church in these islands raised a protest, telling of the great wrong that would be inflicted upon the country if any religion other than their own were permitted to operate. The same protests were echoed by the American prelates of this church.

Three years ago the Spanish parliament became so enlightened that it passed a law permitting in Spain public worship of other churches than the Romanist. Pope Pius X at once condemned the law. Three years prior to this a shot was fired in Spain that was heard around the world. An intelligent, educated Spaniard, Francisco Ferrer, who possessed a large fortune, was greatly concerned over the il-

literacy of his native land, seventy-eight per cent. of his countrymen being unable to read or write; and this after the church had controlled education for about a thousand years. He determined to devote his time and money to the establishment of schools where children could learn something besides prayers. The Spanish bishops and priests bitterly denounced him and openly asserted that he ought to be killed. In 1906 he was arrested on a false charge, tried by the civil courts and acquitted. The church was enraged. The victim had escaped. In 1909 there was a riot in Barcelona, the result of labor disputes. At the opening of the riot Ferrer was present, having just returned from England, where he had gone to obtain books for use in his schools. The priests raised the hue-and-cry that he and his schools were responsible for the riot. There was no evidence against him, but he was arrested. After a mockery of a trial by a military court he was found guilty, sentenced to be shot and his property confiscated. Because he determined to found schools other than those provided by the church he paid the penalty with his life. Two years afterwards the civil courts reviewed the case, pronounced him not guilty, established that he was convicted without evidence, and ordered that his property be restored to his heirs.

Your typical priest always identifies himself with God. If you catch him stealing charity funds, and expose him, as you would any other thief, he begins to roar with wrath and to charge you with being the "enemy of God."

If a New York Mayor happens to be honest, and uncovers the most shocking mistreatment of orphan children, in the charities supported by State money, he must not publish the facts. He must hush it all up, or else be denounced by the guilty priests as the enemy of God. The priests had Mayor Gaynor shot, because he threatened to investigate those same charities, and now the same priests are creating a state of mind which may result in the assassination of another Mayor, although he is a good Catholic.

Talk about scurrility? About virulent abuse? About social incendiaries? About liars? Why, there has never been a class of men, from friar to pope, from parish priest to Cardinal, who could equal these Romanist traitors in coarse scurrility, venomous abuse, instigations to violence, and the most shameless lying.

Preaching in New York State, a Jesuit named Owen Hill spoke as follows, concerning Mayor Mitchell's efforts to have the orphans in Catholic institutions treated with some slight degree of honesty and humanity:

"Catholics in the United States have work ahead of them well able to tax the energies and the expedients of a Columbus. We must take a bolder and more active part in the affairs of our country's history. **To silence God's enemies** we must set in motion every energy at our disposal. As citizens of this country we must scorn to degrade the ballot to the vile use of the **foes of God** and foes of religion. As Catholics we must unfurl our banner and take a heroic stand on the questions affecting the welfare of the church.

"The ideal Catholic citizen must know and grapple with present day menaces to religion and country. Chiefest among them I should reckon Socialism, godless education and **unwarranted interference with private or public charities.** And I do most solemnly aver that all those menaces are due to wrong headed and **satanic notions** regarding the relations between the State on the one hand and the individual, the family and the church on the other.

"The modern tendency is to make the State omnipotent and to allow it to absorb the individual, the family and the church. **Hell is using the State as a most effective engine of war in the destruction of souls.** The individual, the State and the family have sacred and inviolate rights. In their own several spheres they are quite independent of the State, and any encroachment on their rights is high handed tyranny and bound to hurt the State itself.

"Socialism is hell's latest effort to dethrone religion, morality and authority in the universe.

"The State has no more right to say what kind of an education the child shall get than to say what kind of food the child shall eat. It has a right to keep unnatural parents from allowing their children to grow up in ignorance; but where parents are ready, able and willing to educate their children the State must not interfere.

"The State has a right as well as a duty to help impoverish parents to support and educate their children, but always with the provision that the child shall not be robbed of his religion, and that the child shall get that brand of education his parents want him to have.

"Our republic is not yet committed to

the base system of compulsory State education, but we are rapidly drifting in that direction, and unless Catholics keep vigilant watch over our present day legislation we will wake up some morning to find our parochial schools, Catholic colleges and seminaries shut tight by State authorities, while our teaching sisterhoods and brotherhoods are robbed of their occupation and banished from the country. What happened in France and Mexico can even more easily happen in these United States, if we ever lose sight of the fact that education belongs to the parent and not to the State, and that **the church, the sole arbiter of religion, cannot be eliminated from the question of education.**

"The recent investigation of Catholic charities was set on foot **by the enemy** to discredit us with the public, to cut off State aid, to cripple our efficiency, and if possible to close up our institutions. The result would be that multitudes of poor Catholic children would find their way into State homes and asylums to be robbed of their religion and lose their immortal souls. The State has a duty toward the Catholic poor as well as others. Whatever the State pays Catholic institutions, **is due them** in strict justice.

"The man at the head and front of the investigation poses as a Catholic. He was put in power largely by **Catholic votes, and the whole thing proves that some Catholics here in New York are Democrats and Republicans first and Catholics afterward.** As soon as this attitude becomes general the fate of the Catholic church in France and Mexico will inevitably overtake the Catholic church in the United States.

"Here and there **a traitor** may arise within our church and do momentary havoc; but when the tragedy happens we Catholics are not panicky about the result. **The betrayal of the Master by Judas** did not disrupt the infant church, it did not break up the college of apostles. It tied the rope of self-murder around the neck of the traitor, and in the graphic language of the Scripture 'He went where he belonged.' "

In other words, Mayor Mitchell is a traitor to the Roman church, an enemy of God, a Judas Iscariot, because he wants orphans treated better than starving pigs, by the priests and nuns who have been handling five millions of the City's money, annually.

The sworn testimony proved that the orphans were half fed, half clothed, swarming with lice, &c.

Catholic orphanages were not the only ones exposed by the Investigating Committee; but the priests *alone* denounced the Mayor and the Committee.

The other churches felt ashamed of the conditions which were revealed: the Roman church, *only*, fired back, and viciously vilified the authorities for lifting the cover off their embezzlements and barbarities.

Bishop Canevin's organ, The Pittsburgh Observer says:

GOMPERS MEDDLING AGAIN.

Mr. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, who is a Free Mason and who meddled in Mexican affairs a few weeks ago in the interest of the Carranza oppression, telegraphed on June 22 to labor leaders in Mexico assuring them that organized labor in the United States would do all it could to prevent war. Then he went to the White House to urge the President to keep the peace, and, next, he gave out a public statement alleging that the Carranza oppression represented the organized labor movement, and adding:

"When the struggle was on between the constitutionalist government and the Villa bands, representatives of the Carranza government entered into an agreement with the labor movement of Mexico for recognition of the principles of free assemblage, free speech and free press, and many of the unions of Mexico, under these guarantees adjourned their meeting indefinitely until the close of the revolution.

"They were about to return to their peaceful occupations when this trouble began.

"What has occurred is most unfortunate, but still neither side has given up hope to be helpful in trying to keep from actual war and to help in some peaceful solution of the problem."

Have the Catholic members of labor unions authorized Gompers to meddle in Mexican politics in the name of the American Federation of Labor?

Mr. Gompers should not put in his oar, where Gibbons, OConnell, Farley, Blenk, Kelly and Tierney have been so eargerly "meddling."

Mr. Gompers wants peace: the Romanist want war: at present, the Jesuit conspiracy against Carranza has had to halt: but we may expect another raid from Villa, or some other Jesuit hireling, and then we can send what's left of our negro cavalry, to resume the butchering of unarmed Mexican civilians. Gibbons, Blenk, Mora, and Felix Diaz—and the Hearst papers—may

yet secure the use of 140,000 American soldiers, for purposes sufficiently obvious.

The Carrizal skirmish is thus reported, in Bishop Canevin's organ—

> On June 21 a band of some 110 American troops, colored men, members of the Tenth Cavalry, led by iLeut. Adair, Capt. Boyd, and Capt. Morey, **were ambushed** at Carrizal by Carranzistas under Gen. Gomez. Thirty-three escaped, 40 were killed, including the three officers; and 17 were taken prisoners. The Mexicans paid for **their treachery,** for quite a number of them were killed, including Gen. Gomez.

When Catholic laymen are fed on such barefaced falsehoods as the above, they can't be expected to ever learn the truth.

As everybody knows, the fight was in the open, and was begun by the order of Captain Boyd, who advanced to attack the Mexican troops, lined up in front of him. His white interpreter, Lem Spillsbury, implored Boyd not to advance on the Mexicans, but Boyd ignored the warning, because of his expressed opinion that the Mexicans would not fight. General Gomez had formed his men in full view of the Americans, in such a way as to cover the apporach to the town of Carrizal; and he had ridden up to Captain Boyd, and told him, most courteously, that his orders would compel him to fire upon the Americans, if they advanced on the town.

Boyd was requested by Gomez *to wait*, until he could telegraph to his superior officers and get permission for the Americans to enter the town. Boyd refused, and gave the order to advance. Then the fight began. Gomez was killed, and so was Boyd.

As soon as the white officers were shot down, the negroes either skedaddled or surrendered.

To call this fair and open skirmish an "ambuscade," simply reveals a Romanist state of mind.

BRIEF OUTLINE OF MEXICO'S HISTORY.

Pretending to be the leader of a friendly embassy from the great Catholic emperor, Charles V., Spanish bandits, led by Cortez, secured passage from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, where they were royally received and entertained 400 years ago.

The treacherous Spaniard, a guest of the Indian King, Montezuma, seized upon his person, and held him in captivity.

The Spaniards had horses—the Indians, none: the Spaniards wore steel armor—the Indians none; the Spaniards had lances, spears, battle-axes, and swords—the Indians, none.

The unwarlike natives of Mexico hardly wore any clothes, at all; and they had no chance whatever in the war which the Spanish priests and buccaneers forced upon them.

With awful carnage and cruelty, the natives were subdued and enslaved.

The Spanish marauders divided the land among themselves, into vast haciendas, containing from one million acres, to twenty and even forty million acres.

Many of those enormous estates exist now, as they did hundreds of years ago. The Terrazas family own 20,000,000 acres in Chihuahua, where our negro troops have been murdering unarmed Mexicans; and Dictator Diaz gave a little farm of a million acres, in Chihuahua, to William Randolph Hearst.

The capitallists who own the Mexican land sub-divide it into parcels of say, 1,000 acres, or 5,000 as it may be; and upon each parcel, they build a house for the overseer, a house for the priest, and a church for the native slaves; and the priest draws a salary from the land-owner, just as the overseer does. By the influence of these two white Christians, the peons are kept at work, partly by the lash and partly by religious admonition.

That system was introduced nearly 400 years ago, prevails yet and has cost the natives uncounted millions of lives. Its most hellish feature was seen in Yucatan, where the Catholic landkings and slave-drivers raise the hemp needed by our billion-dollar Steel Trust.

caused General Meily Teran to be sent into Texas, with orders for the suppression of civil courts and trial by jury; and for the cancellation of all land-grants made since 1830. Teran disarmed the Texans in the Bejar district, leaving them at the mercy of the Catholic Indians.

(See Yoakum's History of Texas Vol. 2, p. 13.)

In August 1835, the Spanish priests circulated throughout Mexico a violent denunciation of the Texas "heretics," with the result that a war fever was excited.

Andrew Jackson, the then President, kept in close touch, through his life-ling friend, Sam Houston, and supplied the Annexionists in Texas with money—on the sly.

Houston was known to the Indians as "Big Drunk," and he had earned the name; but he was a Big Man, in spite of his periodical big sprees. Jackson chose him, and sent him into Texas, to fight the Spaniards whom Old Hickory had always hated; and the end was San Jacinto, and Independence, followed by annexation to the United States.

From 1832 onward, the Clericai party had ground down the wretched Mexicans with taxes, created disorders, committed all sorts of lawlessness, and kept the whole country in a chaotic condition. The Inquisition was revived, and many a Mason was tortured and burnt.

THE MEXICAN WAR: 1846-8.

Then came the war with the United States, which the Spanish clericals joyfully announced in a proclamation beginning—"Mexicans! Mexican blood has been shed, on Mexican soil, by Yankee soldiers!"

With equal delight, President Polk announced the war, in a lot of lies, beginning with—"Americans! American blood has been shed on American soil, by Mexican soldiers!"

The truth was, that General Taylor, *obeying secret orders*, had invaded Mexican soil with 3,500 men—no niggers in front, on horses—and had refused to retire, when the Mexican officers protested against the unprovoked aggression.

On April 25, 1846, Taylor sent Captain Thornton and some troops on a scouting trip, *on Mexican soil*, and the Mexicans shot into it, killing several and capturing the rest.

It was then that Alexander H. Stephens showed his moral grandeur, by hotly denouncing President Polk's *intrigues, falsehoods, and aggressions;* just as Stephens *again* rose to moral sublunity, *when he opposed the Civil War, and fought his life-long friends on that issue.*

Priest-rule had so thoroughly disorganized and weakened the Mexicans, that the American troops marched unmolested through mountain passes, where one good regiment could have annihilated an army. Travellers, going over the same ground since, have marvelled at the failure of the Mexicans to defend these gorges, and rocky defiles, so easy to render impregnable.

WHAT GEN. U. S. GRANT THOUGHT OF PRIEST-RULE IN MEXICO.

One of the American officers in General Taylor's army was Capt. U. S. Grant, who seems to have studied closely the wretched state of the Mexican people. In his voyage around the world he spoke with deep feeling against Priest-rule as he had seen it in Mexico; and among the last lines he ever wrote, when the hand of death was upon him at Mt. McGregor, warned his countrymen that the encroachments of the Pope upon our laws and liberties, "must be resisted and suppressed at whatever cost."

By the War, and a subsequent donation of $15,000,000, we acquired the territory known now by the State names of California, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and Colorado.

LONG AND BLOODY STRUGGLE BETWEEN POPERY, MONOPOLY, AND DEMOCRACY.

The desperate struggle between democratic principles and Roman

In Yucatan, nothing was more common than the kidnapped Indian, who is brutally beaten, day after day, until his spirit was broken or his life whipped out.

In 1843, Brantz Mayer, Secretary of the U. S. Legation in Mexico, estimated the wealth of the Roman Church at $100,000,000 in real estate, and $115,000,000 in capital out at interest, not estimating the marvellous wealth inside the Cathedrals—gold, silver, and precious stones. Consider how prodigious must have been the sum, wrung by the priests from the natives, during the centuries of Spanish rule!

Consider how immense must have been the sums used up in riotous living, and in yearly contributions to the Papal treasury in Rome!

All of this stupendous tribute was the offering of slave labor—the slave who was soothed by the promise of Heaven, and coerced into being content with an earthly Hell.

The revolutions in Europe, especially after the downfall of Napoleon, created unrest in Spanish America; and movements for independence began.

General Simon Bolivar was the George Washington of South America, where he overcame the Spanish armies in the decisive battle of Ayacucho in 1823: and Mexico won her Independence at about the same time, after suffering horribly from the ruthless massacres of Spanish commanders.

In 1829 Vincente Guerrero was elected President of Mexico; he proclaimed religious liberty, and abolished slavery.

THE KING OF SPAIN INTERVENES.

The Spanish priests began a conspiracy against Guerrero, assailing his government with every possible falsehood which Jesuit malignity could invent. *The Pope prevailed upon the King of Spain to "intervene";* but the Spanish troops were swiftly driven back to their ships. Then the Jesuits stirred up local insurrections; and so great was the power of the Roman hierarchy, that it influenced the Mexican Congress, *to depose the President!*

The Romanists dictated the appointment of another President, *Bustamente* and took control of the government. After repeated efforts to have Guerrero assassinated, the Jesuits at length got possession of him by the basest treachery, *and they had him shot,* (1831.)

Having murdered the illustrious patriot, the Jesuits undid his work, suppressed the freedom of the press, and commenced the bitter persecution of all who had taken part in the abolition of slavery, and the establishment of religious liberty.

The firing-squad of the hangman created a reign of terror, and Clericalism, backed by the Land Monopolist and Slave-driver, was again supreme.

But *the spirit of progress* could not be buried: it renewed its agitation for a division of the enormous haciendas, and the confiscation of the vast estates of the Roman Catholic Church.

SANTA ANNA BECOMES DICTATOR.

It was in the crisis brought on by this renewed agitation, that the Jesuits picked Santa Anna, as "Conservative" nominee for President. Supported by the Priests, the Army of the Aristocracy, Santa Anna was elected. But the Congress was Liberal, *and the Jesuits began to plot for another foreign "intervention."* Santa Anna became Dictator, in the pay of the Roman high-priests, at $40,000 a month. For this bribe, he re-instated the Priest-rule which has been the curse of the country ever since the day of Cortez.

(Some of the horrors of priest-rule and land-king rule are vividly set forth in the books of the American Envoy, Waddy Thompson, Judge Robert A. Wilson, Secretary Brantz Mayer, Professor U. R. Burke, John Kenneth Turner, and the recent work of L. G. DeLara and E. Pinchon.)

The Mexican priests (Spaniards) denounced the Protestant colonists of Texas, calling them "the dissolute and sacrilegous *enemies of God*"; and they

Catholic despotism went on, from year to year, with many ebbs and flows, ups and downs, until 1854, when "the Ayutla Revolution" made a decisive change in Mexican history. Clerical attempts to put it down by force of arms failed. As usual, the priests who were causing the chaos and the bloodshed denounced their antagonists as "the enemies of the Lord." The holy ones put forth an order to their Army agents, to destroy by fire all towns where there were any "rebels," *and to shoot in groups* all the inhabitants, men, women, and children.

Strange to say, the enemies of the Lord were vastly benefited by a mistake of the holy ones, for the priests refused to advance money to support the Army. Inasmuch as the Roman Church had sucked the country until nobody else had any cash and the government had none, the church alone could have financed the army. Upon its stupid refusal, the Army made a virture of necessity by somersaulting to the democrats.

General Diaz de la Vega called a convention of prominent citizens to elect a President, (Dictator Santa Anna having fled) and this independent convention elected General Martin Carrera. It also declared itself in favor of the reforms demanded in "the Plan of Ayutla."

In August 1855, President Carrera summoned the people to elect a Congress for the purpose of framing a new Constitution. The Jesuits and the Roman bishops conspired against the democratic movement, incited rebellion, and worked powerfully upon the pious superstitions of the women—wives and mothers of the patriotic leaders. Nevertheless, laws were passed establishing freedom of the press, freedom of speech, and abolishing military and ecclesiastical courts.

In 1856, insurrections flared up, led by monks and priests, causing desperate battles between the patriots and the reactionaries.

THE FAMOUS CONSTITUTION OF 1857.

Congress did the work it was called to do, and the Constitution of 1857 is its noble monument.

(1) It denounced land-monopoly, and declared that occupation and working of the soil were requisites of a good title.

(2) All men are born free.

(3) All education is free, and must be universal and non-sectarian.

(4) Choice of vocation is free.

(5) No voluntary servitude shall be tolerated, no matter what the contract; and the vows of Romanist orders are declared null, because against public-policy.

(6) No man shall be prosecuted for publishing his opinions, unless he attacks public morality, public order, or the rights of a citizen.

(7) Liberty of the press shall be inviolable.

Other articles guarantee the right of petition, of assembly, of keeping and carrying arms, and of immigration and emigration: titles of nobility are prohibited: dwellings are protected from intrusion, save where a warrant has been sworn out; imprisonment for debt is forbidden.

Court fees are totally abolished and justice made free.

(27) The law of Eminent Domain is made the same as in the United States; and churches are disqualified to own any real estate, except the lots the church-building occupies.

(28) Separation of Church and State decreed.

THE POPE DAMNS THE CONSTITUTION, AND CLAMORS FOR FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

The rage which this glorious Constitution aroused in Papal circles, American and European, can easily be imagined. The Pope raved in fury, as Innocent III. had raved against King John's rebellious barons; and Pius IX. launched the curse of Rome against the Mexican charter of liberty, just as Pope

Innocent had launched it against our *Magna Charta.*

The Vicar of Christ preached a venomous crusade against "the enemies of the Lord," and called upon Catholic France, Spain, and Austria "to intervene." Mexico must be "pacified," and flung back into the bloody grip of ravenous Rome.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S WAY, COMPARED TO PRESIDENT WILSON'S.

Torn and distracted by the 50-year fight of factions, Mexico was burdened with a prodigious public debt, owned in Great Britain, France, and Spain. When, in 1861, Benito Jaurez became the constitutional President, the priests had a stronger case than at other crises, because Jaurez had not only swept away the Romanist brothels, (the convents and monasteries) and confiscated the stupendous, ill-gotten wealth of the Church, but he had frankly told the foreign ministers of the European Powers that he would not be able, for two years, to pay the interest on the debt.

This touched the pocket nerve of England, and even Queen Victoria's name was signed to the document which pledged France and Spain to intervention.

President Lincoln was invited to unite with the intervenors. He promptly declared that *Mexican independence should be maintained.*

President Lincoln went further: *HE OFFERED TO LEND MEXICO THE AMOUNT NECESSARY TO PROTECT HER CREDIT, and he proposed that the U. S. loan should be for a term of five years, at 3 per cent. interest.*

As security, Mexico would give to the U. S. Government a mortgage on her public lands.

(See page 38, "The Mexican People," by De Lara and Pinchon: quoting Secretary Seward's official dispatches.)

To the United States Minister in Paris, Seward wrote: "*The United States has neither the right nor the disposition to intervene by force in the internal affairs of Mexico.*"

THE COMING OF MIXIMILIAN.

When the Pope, Pius IX, and the Spanish high-priest finally overcame the reluctance of the Archduke Maximilian, by falsely assuring him that the Mexicans craved an emperor of the Hapsburg House, *the Papacy was deliberately attempting to exercise its canonical law.*

By the terms of the law of the Roman Church, the Pope can pull down and set up thrones, governments, princes and powers; and this law of popery had often been enforced in Europe, with hideous violence and bloodshed.

CATHOLIC FRANCE INTERVENES.

Maximilian came, backed by the arms of Jesuit-ruled France, and the Empire was proclaimed. All reforms were abolished, and Clericalism again made supreme. Secular schools were closed, priests collected their mistresses again into convents, and the good old game of gathering the ducats went merily on.

Juarez fled to the mountains unconquered, but unable to check the French. In the meantime, our Civil War kept the U. S. Government arduously employed. In 1864, the wife of Napoleon III. could no longer carry out the instructions of her Jesuit confessor; because her husband realized that the continued presence of his army in Mexico meant a clash with Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. Napoleon III. therefore signed an agreement to withdraw his troops.

Juarez had been gaining strength, with the help of General Grant who had secretly supplied the Mexicans with army muskets, rifles, and ammunition. Finally the French left Maximilian to his fate, after imploring him to leave the country under their protection.

Lured into Mexico by the Pope and the priests, Maximilian was abandoned by them, in his hour of trial. Pius IX. coldly repulsed the Empress Carlotta,

when she went to the Vatican, and begged the "Holy Father" for permission to use some of the vast wealth of the Mexican church, in defence of Maximilian's Catholic empire.

(The poor woman lost her mind when the Pope rejected her plea: she lives, yet, melancholy mad.)

Maximilian, defeated by the Juarez forces, was shot, in 1867, under a law he had signed two years before, and under which many a Mexican patriot had been shot for the crime of wanting his country independent of foreign rule.

Juarez had completely defeated the Pope, the Jesuits, and the Spanish high-priests; and under his firm guidance Mexico began to prosper. He died in 1872, and was succeeded by Lerdo de Tejada.

During the last years of Juarez—who was a full-blooded Indian, or Aztec—Americans clustered about him, clamoring for franchises, privileges, concessions—concessions and bounties to build railroads, work mines, and "develop the natural resources of the country," etc. We have heard all that, ourselves, much to our impotent regret. The old Indian was too shrewd to be caught in the toils of Commercialism, and the Americans turned to Porfirio Diaz, the most prominent of the Juarez lieutenants.

Diaz became the ardent confederate of the American capitalists, and headed a revolt: but it failed and he took refuge in the mountains, as Villa has done. After the death of Juarez, the ambitious Diaz again attempted to overthrow the government, but again failed, *and fled to New Orleans.*

THERE HE PLOTTED WITH AMERICAN PRIESTS AND CAPITALISTS: and perfected his plans, *just as his nephew, Felix Diaz, has recently done.*

Returning to Mexico, he developed such strength with the Army and the Roman Church that the President resigned, and left the country.

Diaz seized upon the vacant office: and then began the orgy of concessions, and the re-establishment of Papal power.

How he and his nephew, Felix, sold Yaqui Indians and kidnapped Mexicans into slavery in Yucatan, is a story that only a Dickens could tell: and how he gave away the immense public domains, the mines, the coal fields, and the oil lands, would make a book by itself. To develop a country by donating it to rapacious exploiters, was the Diaz idea of statesmanship—as it had been, and still is, the American idea.

Then, at length, came the time when Mexico had had too much of the Dictator, and she cast him out. Madero led the revolution, and was elected President.

His betrayal and murder by General Huerta, *who was financed by Archbishop Mora, and whose plot with Felix Diaz RIPENED AT THE AMERICAN AMBASSY, under the fostering of OUR AMBASSADOR, Henry Lane Wilson,* is a tragedy too recent to need re-telling.

Generals Carranza and Villa rose against Huerta and the Clericals, and their success was almost complete, when the American capitalists and the Catholic high-priests bought Villa, as they had bought Porfirio Diaz.

Burning for "intervention," Villa was hired to make the raid on Columbus; *and the American officers,* in that vicinity, *acted very much like accomplices.*

In sending negro troops to shoot up Mexican towns, and to provoke fights with Carranza soldiers, *far in the interior of Mexico,* the American Generals, Funston and Pershing are *again* acting very much like tools of the interventionists.

Between President Wilson and President Lincoln, the difference is epochal, abysmal, terribly tragic.

The difference between General Grant—helping Juarez to fight off intervention—and little Fred Funston, manipulating for the priests and the capitalists, *TO NECESSITATE INTERVENTION,* the difference is as great as that between Lincoln and Wilson.

Wm. H. Seward said we had no right to meddle with Mexico's internal af-

fairs: Robert Lansing (who was *so* afraid of Bernsdorff and the Kaiser) takes a different view; and in a few weeks *our enthusiastic and gallant boys*, who are rushing to arms, *may be dying like flies*, of camp fever, camp dysentery, embalmed beef, Mexican climate, Mexican water, Mexican deserts and Mexican bullets.

Woe unto the land whose rulers care less for humanity, for justice, for Right, than they do for office, the glare of the time-light, and the unthinking applause of the excited multitude.

War against Mexico will be A COLOSSAL CRIME, and we will pay the price.

General Carranza and Obregon are striving to re-establish and enforce *the Great Charter of Mexican liberties, THE CONSTITUTION OF* 1857.

The Pope, Archbishop Mora, Cardinal Gibbons' Jesuits, the American concessionaries, and the Spanish landkings are trying to re-enthrone Priest-rule, Peonage and Land-monopoly.

President Wilson has taken sides against the Mexican Constitutionalists, just as Napoleon III. did, just as the King of Spain did, and just as the Austrian Archduke did.

American blood and treasure will be poured out, for the unholy purpose of creating a Dictatorship for Felix Diaz, for the Spanish high-priests, and the Catholic land-king.

(For the present, there is a halt in the movement against Mexico, but there are strong reasons for believing that the purpose is unchanged.)

Book Reviews

ROMAN CATHOLICISM ANALYZED, By J. A. Phillips. Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York, Publishers.

This book appeared last year, and I regret that a review of it has not been possible before now. The more closely it has been examined, the more clearly its superb workmanship appears. Evidently, the author has studied his subject thoroughly, and the tone of the text proves his dispassionate spirit.

First, Mr. Phillips treats of Pome's fallibility as a teacher, and proves the vacillations, flexibilities and variations of her creed. Here the authorities are abundant. Not only the students of theology, but the historians as well, have shown how the Roman church was first Arian and then Athanasian; how it first anathematized those Eastern sects which denied the cup to the laity, and then adopted the usage herself; how the Eucharist was first commemmorative, then mystic, and then the materialistic actual body and blood of Christ; how there was at first the most savae opposition to images, and then a fanatical devotion to them; how there was first a Primacy of John, and then of Peter; how there was at first a democracy in which pastors were elective, and then a monarchy, in which they were appointed; how there was at first a denial of inequality among the bishops, a repudiation of the office of Universal bishop, and then a usurpation of the supreme pontificate; how there was, for hundreds of years, a rejection of celibacy, as an unnatural and impossible thing, and then the adoption of it, with the brazenly impudent pretense that it is natural and possible.

In fact, the only church that has run the gamut and boxed the compass in dogmatic theology, is the church of Rome.

Mr. Phillips next discusses Rome's manner of worship, beginning with Transubstantiation.

In Waddington's "Church History," we are told that this new doctrine of the actual, corporeal presence of Christ in the bread and wine, was not formally adopted into the Roman Catholic creed until the pontificate of Innocent III.—the Pope who laid the curse upon our Great Charter, without hurting it appreciably.

Cardinal Newman and other Casuits reason, that when once they become convinced that Jonah lived inside the whale, without injury to himself or the fish, it is easy to believe that marble Madonnas wink, bronze statues nod their heads, and bread changes to God.

That is literally the line of Catholic reasoning; and candor compels me to admit that if there were fire-proof "Hebrew children;" angels that begot children by women; and a house-boat which held, fed, and watered couples and quartettes of all created things, then it might be possible to believe that a bottle of Port wine could furnish the elements for at least 50 Gods.

It all depends upon your line of logical travel. You never can tell where you're going, unless you know what you're about, when you start.

The Confessional: Mr. Phillips covers the ground of objections to this modern innovation, and does it well.

In his next edition, he might trace the evolution of the confession, from its public character, to its occasional private practice, when the crime to be confessed

could not, with prudence, be publicly stated; then to the much later exclusion of the public confession; and then, very much later, **to the inquisitional stage**, whose vilest features were added by Saint Liguori, Peter Dens, &c.

Mr. Phillips says:

But auricular confession is dangerous, both to the penitent and to the priest. "On July 14, 1901, the **Asino**, a daily newspaper published in Rome, printed in its columns, also in large bills which it caused to be posted up in public places in the chief cities of Italy, the following challenge: 'The **Asino** offers one thousand francs to the Roman Catholic newspaper, **Il Domani d'Italia** of Rome, to the **Cittadine** of Mantau, or to any other paper of the Church which has the courage to publish the Latin text, with an Italian translation, of the passage on 767, of Vol. V., of the Moral Philosophy of Saint Alfonso Maria de Liguori (ed. 2, Ratisbon; approved by Leo XIII, 1879-81), beginning with the words, **"Confessarius non est denunciandus,"** to the words, **"aut ad tactus tantum venialiter inhonestas;"** also the passage on page 298 of Vol. VI, beginning **"an semper sit mortale,"** to the words, **"in os uxoris."** ' The challenge was never, and we may safely prophesy never will be, accepted. . . . . A large part of the book deals with the marriage relation and with the intercourse of the sexes. And in dealing with this subject, his descriptions and insinuations and suggestions and questions are so obscene that any one daring to publish them would be prosecuted for outraging public decency." (Quoted from the "Roman Catholic Church in Italy," by Alexander Robertson, D. D., pp. 153, 154.)

Liguori says ("Moral Theology," Vol. II, p. 142), "It behooves us also, with all the moralists, to establish the principle that the confessor should supply the defects committed by the penitent in his self-examination." On pages 261, 262, the same author says, "It cannot be doubted that the most dangerous and the most lamentable hidden rock which the minister of God encounters in the tempestuous sea of life is the hearing of the confessions of women." After giving various instructions as to how the careful priest may protect himself, he concludes thus: "The confessor should observe all these directions, if he is young, because he has special need of them, and if he is advanced in years, and even old, in order to set a good example to others, also because, as experience shows, that for those who are settled in their habits and for the aged ones, the danger, although a little less, is after all great."

Father Chiniquy, in his "Priest, Woman and the Confessional," gives the questions a priest must ask a woman. But he takes care to put them in the Latin language. He gives many examples where the Confessional has worked ill to confessor and penitent.

Tom Watson was arrested in 1912 for sending obscene matter through the United States mails. The obscene literature was in part quotations from Roman Catholic theologians in which were given instructions to priests as to what they were to ask about in the Confessional."

On the subject of Indulgences and Purgatory, Mr. Phillips is brief, contenting himself by quoting Scripture to prove them un-Christian.

As a matter of historic truth, Rome did not depart from the Scriptural teaching until a thousand years after Christ. Purgatory holds no place in Rome's early creed, and Indulgences never went beyond release from disciplinary penances, until the Popes gradually realized what a mine of wealth would be opened by selling pardons for sin.

In discussing the papal nullification of the Second Commandment, Mr. Phillips relates an incident of the celebrated debate between Bishop Purcell and Alexander Campbell. The Protestant preacher having alleged that the Pope had suppressed the Commandment against image-making, and image-worship, the Catholic bishop answered by saying that every American Catechism of Rome refuted Campbell's statement. Upon this, Mr. Phillips makes the comment, that Campbell did not "catch on" to the fact of Purcell's not mentioning **"Europe and Mexico."**

It is highly probable that Dr. Campbell was unfamiliar with European and Mexican catechisms, and it is possible that Bishop Purcell was in the same fix.

Either the Roman prelates in America are not men of wide learning, or they can wear the mask of ignorance with amazing grace. They are either half-educated in fact, or graduated in fiction.

The following pages from Mr. Phillips' book are timely and suggestive:

"Rome finds herself necessarily in opposition to virtually all the aggressive, purifying, and elevating institutions of society.

Romanism destroys the sanctity of the **Sabbath.** This is to be expected when the pope himself will change the law in the decalogue and put in its stead, "Remember to sanctify the feasts." The results of Rome's neglect of Sabbath observance is seen in all Catholic countries. Sunday bull-fights in Mexico are looked upon by many of the best Mexicans as disgraceful to the country, yet it finds ample protection under the ægis of Romanism. (See Appendix, Note X.)

Lotteries have been driven out of the United States out not by Romanists. How could she do anything to aid in such a reform movement when her own St. Liguori teaches that they are not wrong? (See Appendix, Note VI.)

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Good government cannot willingly afford to permit **gambling**. But if that evil is outlawed, it will have to be done without the co-operation of Romanism, for has not Liguori told them that betting is not wrong? (See Appendix, Note VI.)

The **press** must be muzzled. (See Appendix, Document B, prop. 78, also Appendix, Document F.) Rome has succeeded beautifully in the United States in requiring the newspapers and magazines absolutely to refrain from criticizing Roman Catholicism, her priests, her doctrine, her methods, or her superstitions. Practically every paper is thus controlled with the exception of the church press and a few papers that make a specialty of exposing the errors of Rome.

General education would undermine a system which requires one to believe that a piece of bread has been converted by the sacrament of orders and some Latin phrases into the body, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ. So, the **public schools** must be suppressed—if possible. Propositions 45, 47, 48 of the Syllabus show clearly that no Romanist can possibly be true to his Church and favour the public school. (See Appendix, Document C.)

Roman Catholic **philanthropy** is on a radically different basis from that of Protestantism. Rome makes almsgiving one of the works of penance and thus primarily a means of grace to the giver. Enlightened, present-day philanthropy aims to remove the cause of poverty. The labouring man today who is in danger of being reduced to want says, "Give me justice, not charity." Rome erects lofty churches and cathedrals; Protestants build good homes. Rome exalts celibacy; Protestantism exalts the holy estate of matrimony and the Christian family. oRme creates criminals by preventing general education wherever she can, and by winking at intemperance; Protestantism helps prevent crime and prepares a sturdy citizenship by building up the public school system and by stimulating independence of thought and action."

Letters from the Plain, Common Folks

"FLOOD CONTROL" GRAFT.

Memphis, Tenn., July 3d, 1916.

Editor Magazine.

Dear Sir: I read the letter of Mr. J. A. Frear in the July number of the Magazine, and I must say that it is one of the best articles I have ever read on his subject, "Raiding the Treasury." This is the most useless of all the gigantic waste of public money by our so-called River Commissions and Levee Boards. It seems that these people will never learn that it was never intended that man should control the Great Father of Waters, and I have come to the conclusion that they don't want to learn.

After all the money they have spent and every known device employed, the levees still break, and under this so-called system, disaster follows. It is a well known fact that the Roman Catholics and Levee Boards know no limit when it comes to spending public money, for with the countless thousands placed at their disposal by Congress in government appropriations, the cotton tax and donations by the railroad companies, they have failed to accomplish anything other than the increasing their already enormous salaries and placing more and more each year of the same kind on their pay rolls.

It's certainly the time right now to call a halt on those spendthrifts. I have been travelling through those Delta countries for the last forty years, and I have often thought of what a signal failure this entire levee system has proven to be. Each year, in and out, enormous sums of money are spent in a useless attempt to make these "mud banks" hold the immense volumes of water that have no other outlet. These waters naturally bring down an enormous deposit that is left between the "mud banks," continually raising the river bed, until now it is almost on a level with the levee base in the lower Delta country, and the only ones that I can see who are benefitted are those whose lands happen to overflow when the levee breaks, he gets a part of the deposit on his land, for it is a well known fact that the record crops are made after an overflow. This 51 million dollar appropriation asked should be "trimmed" as the Randell-Humphries "request" was, only this bill should be "cut" about 50 million instead of 33 millions, as the R. and H. bill was, for one million would buy dynamite enough to blow those "mud banks" into

kingdom come, so as to let that water seek its natural course as the Great Architect intended from the beginning. He arranged for the waters to come and go. He made outlets for all floods he sees fit to send. These levees have caused those outlets to choke and fill up to a very great extent, this has caused the people throughout this district to be subjected to a heavy tax for drainage purposes, and in most cases they have no outlet for these drains.

Not only does this condition apply to the Delta country, but they also apply to a vast territory east of here, in this State, in helbSy, Fayette, Madison, Haywood, Hardeman and McNairy Counties, over all of which pretty much the same conditions exist for the same reason—the levees have caused the bed of the Mississippi to be raised above the mouth of those tributaries, thus leaving no current in them to keep them opened up. Farmers throughout this section named are being heavily taxed for drainage canals as a last resort. The railroads throughout these levee districts are behind the levee boards, they want the levees to protect their railroads when the levee breaks. If these railroads were to spend the money raising their roadbeds they are spending on the levee boards and trying to suppress what they call "Adverse eLgislation," it would make no difference to them whether the levees held or not, they would be above the high water and wouldn't have to stop a single train on account of an overflow caused by a break in the levee. I hope Mr. Frear will keep after this matter, for such letters as he is capable of writing to the public are bound to have a telling effect. If I was capable of doing so I would be glad to take hold with him and help to show the "wise ones" in Washington the error of their way. when it comes to handing the people's money out to those spendthrifts. I wish he would write another letter and try to impress the public with the idea of spending some of this money in opening up the smaller streams those levees have caused to fill up. Hoping to read something more from Mr. Frear on this subject, I am yours for the suppression of this "Gigantic Graft." W. T. RUDDOCK.

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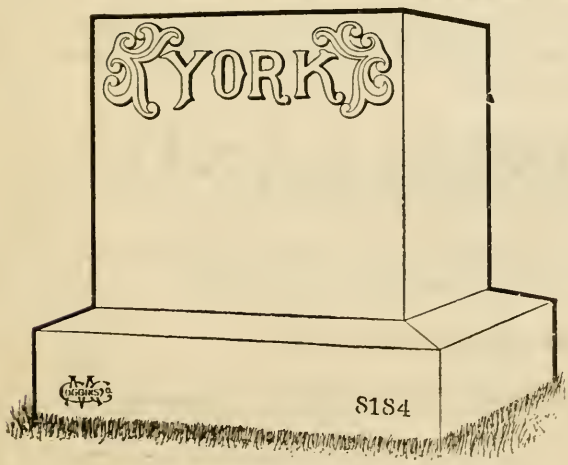

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